

LITERARY GAZETTE

Journal of Archaeology, Science, and Art.

No 2122.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1857.

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METROPOLITAN SCHOOL OF SCIENCE
APPLIED TO MINING AND THE ARTS.—The Prospectus for the Ensuing SESSION 1857-8 (containing information about the Lectures, Laboratories, Fees, &c.) is ready, and will be sent on application to TRENTHAM REEKS, Esq., Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street, London.

RODERICK I. MURCHISON, Director.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, TORONTO, CANADA.—The Senate of the University of Toronto having established a **MASTERSHIP** in Upper Canada College, with a special view to Instruction in the highest branches of the English Language and its Literature, Candidates are invited to forward their Testimonials to the Provincial Secretary, Toronto, on or before the 1st of DECEMBER next. The Amountments are as follows:—Salary, £200; Halifax Currency, with his share of the Fees, amounting in present to about £60; and a Free House, £50. Currency will be allowed for passage and outfit.

Toronto, August 27, 1857.

OWENS' COLLEGE, MANCHESTER (in connexion with the UNIVERSITY OF LONDON).
SESSION 1857-8.

The College will OPEN for the Session on MONDAY, the 12th day of October next. The Examinations, preliminary to admission, hitherto required for the present discontinued. The Session will terminate in July, 1858.

PRINCIPAL.—J. G. GREENWOOD, B.A.

For a statement of the courses of instruction in the several departments, see advertisement in the "LITERARY GAZETTE," of Saturday the 5th instant.

Evening Classes are held for Schoolmasters and others not attending the College at Students.

The following Scholarships and Prizes have been founded for competition by Students of the Owens College—viz.,

The Victoria Scholarship, for competition in Classical Learning, annual value £20, tenable for two years.

The Wellington Scholarship, for competition in the critical knowledge of the Greek Text of the New Testament; annual value £20, tenable for one year.

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Dental Prizes in Chemistry, are also intended to be offered.

The Union Prize in Natural History, £15, given annually.

For the better maintenance of discipline among the Students, of study out of class hours, arrangements are in progress according to which parents and guardians may place students during the day under the superintendence of an officer appointed to that charge. Dinner will be provided within the college walls for such as may desire it.

Further particulars will be found in a prospectus which may be had from Mr. Nicholson at the College, Quay-street, Manchester.

JOHN P. ASTON, Solicitor and Secretary to the Trustees. St. James's Chambers, South King Street, Manchester, 11th September, 1857.

MINERALOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—Professor TENNANT, F.G.S., will commence a COURSE OF LECTURES ON MINERALOGY, with a view to facilitate the study of GEOLOGY, and of the application of Mineral substances in the Arts. The Lectures will be illustrated by a Collection of 3000 specimens, and will begin on WEDNESDAY morning, October 7th, at Nine o'clock. They will be continued on each succeeding Wednesday and Friday, at the same hour. Fee £2 2s. R. W. JELF, D.D. Principal.

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The Plates, as far as they have been given, give fair representations of the portions of the original figures copied; and shall continue to receive my attention as the publication progresses.

Trin. Coll., Dublin, July 1, 1857.

W. H. H.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1857.

REVIEWS.

CURRENT POETRY.

Sir Geoffrey, and other Poems. By Henry Grazebrook, Author of 'Poems, Sacred and Miscellaneous.' Bell and Daldy.

Underglimpes, and other Poems. By D. Florence MacCarthy, M.R.I.A., Author of 'Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics,' &c. D. Bogue.

Dew-drops for Spring Flowers. By Emily Prentice. Ward and Co.

THERE is scarcely a family circle in England that does not boast of its laureate; every country town has its contests of Pan and Apollo; and the plague of Albums testifies to the universality of jingle. Living under such a state of society, it might be fairly assumed that the reading public, however ignorant they may be about other matters, must be conscious in the highest degree of this peculiar kind of street and household music with which the air vibrates around them. You can no more evade it than you can evade heat or cold. It is to the whole land what smoke is to Bristol, or fogs in November to London. No human being can live anywhere without perceiving it, and being made aware of its existence, sooner or later, in one shape or another. Yet we will venture to say that, although it thus assumes the dimensions and characteristics of a national passion, there are very few people, from Land's End to John o'Groats, who have the faintest conception of the extent to which the manufacture of verse is carried on in this country. We propose to enlighten them on this subject; and with a view to assist them towards a proper appreciation of the melodious atmosphere they are daily breathing without knowing it, we have collected into a heap all the volumes of verse that have reached us during the present season, intending to take advantage of the lull in the publishing world for a series of notices of what may be called, for lack of a better phrase, our Current Poetry. Whatever appearance of bravado we may put on in our onslaught upon this pile of brilliant bindings, we assure our intelligent readers that we are very sensible of the difficulties of the undertaking. We know how much easier it is to walk than to fly, and would infinitely prefer to deal with practical topics, of the earth earthy, than with aerial fancies, of the sky skiey. But as all modes of the lyre, from the bagpipes of history, squeezed by the potent arm of Alison, to the martial flageolet of Martin Farquhar Tupper, should be faithfully represented in our columns, we do not shrink from a task which, contemplated at a little distance, seems as chimerical as the formation of ropes from sand, or broadcloth from cobwebs.

It must be understood, however, that it is no part of our plan to enter upon an examination of the question of poetry in general, or of any special form of it in particular. We have nothing to do with schools or abstractions. We shall address ourselves exclusively to the pyramid of green, crimson, blue, pink, yellow, and violet-coloured books before us, as if there was not another book of the same kind in the world, and touching lightly upon each, commit them to "the waters," quite sure that—

"if their vein be good,
The world will find them after many days."

It is necessary, also, to premise that we shall not observe any order of precedence, or principle of selection, but take our poets just as they come to hand.

The first singer we make acquaintance with is Mr. Henry Grazebrook, a gentleman in apple-green and gold. Mr. Grazebrook formerly published 'Sacred and Miscellaneous Poems,' and therefore must not be treated as a novice. He has had experience not only of the delights of composing verse, but of the pleasant pangs of publishing it; and as he comes into print a second time, we have a right to conclude that his first appearance was satisfactory, at all events to himself. His genius disports in two departments, happily described on the title-page of his former volume as the 'Sacred and Miscellaneous.' It is in the 'sacred' that he appears to most advantage. The mundane elements which come within the designation 'miscellaneous' seem to trouble and confuse him; but making allowances for some verbal peculiarities, his sentiments are generally irreproachable when he appeals to heaven. For example, the following invocation is unexceptionable:—

"My soul, awake!—thy risen Saviour calls!
Trust not the earthly fair:
This lovely world, with whatsoe'er enthralls,
Is but a snare."

This observation may not be original, but it is of nature to ensure the assent of a great number of very respectable people. The same class of persons will accept with equal acquiescence the concluding stanza, in which the soul is called upon to perform a metaphorical flight, which the example of the angels should, apparently, have rendered unnecessary:—

"My soul awake! To cleave the upper air,
Where angel-feet have trod,
All breathless spread thy pinions, and prepare
To meet thy God!"

The incongruities which sometimes occur in the treatment of these sacred themes are not considered legitimate subjects for criticism. Indeed, it is held in some quarters to be rather profane to find fault with them, the aim or intention of the poet being the one thing needful. So long as he is orthodox in his doctrines, he may do what he pleases with his images, or even, as the great Dr. Watts himself frequently does, treat vulgar grammar with a sort of rapt contempt. But we are not called upon to extend a similar license to poems which relate to the world in its ordinary human aspects. These, at least, are amenable to judgment; and when we follow Mr. Grazebrook into his 'miscellaneous' department, we begin to perceive how strangely the divinity that hedges in a sacred poet drops from him when he descends to the common level of mankind. No extenuating circumstances, drawn from the respect which is due to piety, here come in to his aid; he dilates upon matters which the outside uninspired multitude are quite as well qualified to estimate as he is himself; and he is tested by standards which admit of no compromise, and which all educated readers are capable of applying. Take, for instance, the universal subject of love, and let us see how it is delineated by Mr. Grazebrook.

Like most poets, he gives us reason to suppose that he has been unfortunate in the accident of a mistress, and that the lady is always chiding him, or frowning upon him. In the following verses he remonstrates with her, we think more reasonably than poetically:—

"O! chide me not, dearest, but smile on me still;
My pleading thou hearest, O! seek not to chill
The warmth of those feelings whose centre is thee,
But turn, my beloved one, look fondly on me."

Again—

"Then chide me not, dearest; this life-blood of mine,
With throb the sincerest, responds unto thine.—
O! turn with that look which enchain'd me of yore,
Speak kindly, smile sweetly, and love me once more."

Mr. Grazebrook does not reveal the fault for which she chided him, and we cannot trace in these pieces any promise to amend it. The probability is that she reproved him for writing such childish verses to her, and that the self-deception under which poetasters labour who imagine themselves in love, would not allow him to acknowledge that she was right. In another piece he makes what he calls a "fond appeal" against the dark looks she occasionally casts upon him:—

"O! look not thus on me, love,—
The unoffending spare;
That doubting glance from thee, love,
Is misery to bear!

"This faithful heart beats true, love!
My vows can never fail,
Though Summer's deepening hue, love,
O'er beauteous Spring prevail!"

The insinuation thrown out against the lady's fidelity in the last stanza, where the poet declares that *his* vows can never fail (which was wholly unnecessary, as he had just announced, with tautological energy, that his faithful heart was true), might have been fatal to his suit, had it not been rendered hopelessly obscure by the ensuing lines. When a lover tells his mistress that *his* vows may be depended upon, even though something were to happen which is beyond her comprehension, she may find an escape for her generosity and forgive him. Whether the lady to whom these lines were addressed adopted that magnanimous course the muse does not relate; but it is evident that a separation subsequently took place, perhaps because the gentleman persisted in writing foolish verses. Her lover now turns the tables on her, accuses her of faithlessness, and takes his final leave in a poem entitled 'True Greatness,' from which we extract the opening stanzas. It will be observed that on this painful occasion the lady's face no longer frowns, but wears a 'look of languor,' as if she were very tired, and glad to get rid of him:—

"In sorrow, not in anger—
Ay, grief no tongue can tell—
I see that look of languor,
And speak my last farewell.
"The heart unmoved to sadness
By misery like mine,
Must look in vain for gladness
At virtue's blessed shrine.
"Hadst thou, with pure emotion,
Responded to my vow,
My fondest, best devotion,
Had lingered near thee now."

But she did not care about his devotion, and obviously preferred that he should not linger near her. The reader will probably be of the same opinion, especially if he proceed any farther in the volume. "Sir Geoffrey" is the worst specimen of Mr. Grazebrook's genius, perhaps because it is the longest. It is a baronial tale, showing the invariable course of true love in an ecstatic narrative. The character of Sir Geoffrey and his feudal stronghold will be sufficiently indicated in half a dozen lines:—

"Sir Geoffrey paced his marble hall,
And, like a dread funeral pall,
His shadow glided o'er the wall.
"His haughty brow deep furrows lined,
His stolid eye, cold and unkind,
Blocked up the entrance to his mind."

When we say that this haughty man, whose mind is blocked up by his stolid eye, has a daughter—

"a sparkling ray of light,
That neutralized the chilling blight
Cast by her father everywhere;"

and that this maiden, the priceless Amabel, is beloved by Edwin, the curate's son, the sanguineous public will not be at a loss to anticipate the sequel. While Sir Geoffrey is pacing his hall, young Edwin bursts in, "bounding, hoping, dreaming," and, in the language of the narrator, "asks the proud man for his daughter." As might be expected, Sir Geoffrey calls him a "reptile," and turns him out. Amabel falls ill, and her father carries her for change of air to Italy. Edwin takes refuge amongst his books, and being a poet, as we learn from the following remarkable lines, forgets himself, or rather "effaces" himself, in his MSS. :—

"These manuscripts before him placed
Have oft in their creation chaste
His own identity effaced.

"For Edwin was a favoured poet;
In youth his fervour seemed to show it,
But now the world began to know it."

In the meanwhile the young lady is at the point of death, and her father, getting a little frightened, kneels down, and vows that—

"the past
Shall vanish as a winter's blast;"

whereupon she starts up, and "mutters" with a sigh—

"Where is he, partner of my woe?
Come—I would bless thee ere I go,
And tell thee all—oh, mercy!—oh!"

After which she falls asleep, and awakens quite another person. The lovers are married, and blessed with an unusually large family. Sir Geoffrey becomes an altered man; but in no particular is he so materially altered as in his weight and vivacity. Going out to seek for Edwin, he recalls the figure of the "Lady of the Lake," who stepped so lightly that—

"E'en the slight harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread;"

In like manner Sir Geoffrey :—

"He saill'd forth, he rais'd his head,
Light and elastic was his tread."

With these samples, we must dismiss Mr. Grazebrook, who, whatever other ground of complaint he may allege against us, cannot deny that we have given him space enough.

When Ben Jonson called his two collections of poems 'The Forest' and 'Underwoods,' there was a significance in the application of the titles which justified their adoption; we confess we can discover no such justification in the fantastic title of 'Under-glimpses,' which Mr. Mac Carthy bestows upon a volume of very pretty and fanciful verse. We presume, however, that there must be a meaning in it, for the poems are really so excellent and sensible, that we can hardly suspect the writer of them to be guilty of any esoteric foppery in the choice of a name. The pieces which more especially come within the designation of 'Underglimpses' relate chiefly to the month of May, the flowers, the streams, and the Christmas season; and the remainder of the book is filled with snatches of miscellaneous verse upon a variety of passing topics. The main characteristics of these poems are a certain gaiety blended with tenderness, which we commonly find in all genuine Irish productions, an oriental fancy, and an essentially musical temperament. There is a little excess here and there in the way of embellishment. The colouring is sometimes too florid. But there is generally a palpable purpose in the verse

which redeems its occasional redundancies of imagery and expression. We can hardly select a better example of the more serious and thoughtful mood which enters into many of these pieces than the opening of a very charming poem called 'The Meeting of the Flowers':

"There is within this world of ours
Full many a happy home and hearth;
What time the Saviour's blessed birth
Makes glad the gloom of wintry hours.

"When back from severed shore from shore,
And over seas that vainly part,
The scattered embers of the heart
Glow round the parent hearth once more.

"When those, who now are anxious men,
Forget their growing years and cares;
Forget the time-flakes on their hairs,
And laugh, light-hearted boys again.

"When those who now are wedded wives,
By children of their own embraced,
Recall their early joys, and taste
Anew the childhood of their lives.

"And the old people—the good sire—
And kindly parent-mother—glow
To feel their children's children throw
Fresh warmth around the Christmas fire.

"When in the sweet colloquial din,
Unheard the sullen sleet-winds shout;
And though the winter rage without,
The social summer reigns within."

Mr. Mac Carthy's lyrical skill may be fairly exemplified in a few stanzas from 'The Bath of the Streams':—

"Down unto the ocean,
Trembling with emotion,
Panting at the notion,
So the rivers run—
In the golden weather,
Tripping o'er the heather,
Laughing all together—
Madcap every one.

"Like a troop of girls
In their loosened curls,
See, the concourse whirls
Onward wild with glee
List their tuneful tattle,
Hear their pretty prattle,
How they'll love to battle
With the assailing sea.

"See, the winds pursue them,
See, the willows woo them,
See, the lakeslets view them
Wistfully afar,
With a wistful wonder
Down the green slopes under,
Wishing, too, to thunder
O'er their prison bar."

These verses are not exempt from some errors of taste, and there is a consciousness of effort in them which hurts the free swing of the measure. But they, nevertheless, bring a vivid picture before us, and fill our ears with a melody which awakens a feeling of pleasure. The lyrical and descriptive power of the poet is more happily displayed in 'The Spirit of the Snow,' very unequal in its execution, but containing some passages of great beauty, of which, perhaps, the first two verses are the most striking :—

"The night brings forth the morn—
Of the cloud is lightning born;
From out the darkest earth the brightest roses grow.
Bright sparks from black flints fly,
And from out a leaden sky
Comes the silvery-footed Spirit of the Snow.

"The wondering air grows mute,
As her pearly parachute
Cometh slowly down from heaven, softly floating to and fro;
And the earth emits no sound,
As lightly on the ground
Leaps the silvery-footed Spirit of the Snow."

The "pearly parachute" utterly spoils the descent of the spirit, and turns it into a caricature; yet the music of the verse, and the judicious choice of words that echo the sense, appeal successfully to the imagination, in spite of that glaring error. Amid the silence of earth and air, the light snow may be felt falling through the lines. Mr. Mac Carthy has some of the best qualities of a lyrical poet; but he must exercise a stricter restraint over his imagination, and bestow greater pains upon the details of his pictures,

if he would achieve the excellence of which we believe him to be capable.

When ladies write books they should put their proper appellations on the title-pages to prevent mistakes. Here we have a volume of 'Dewdrops for Spring Flowers,' by Emily Prentice; but, ignorant of the social or family position of the lady, we must deal with her, as women do not generally like to be dealt with, in the abstract. If we were to hazard a speculation upon her *status*, we should call her Mrs. Prentice, for the little book abounds in children. By far the greater portion of the verses are supposed to be spoken either to or by children, and to represent their vague longings after heaven, their ignorance of things divine, their thoughts about death, and their tiny resolutions to live virtuous lives. It will be gathered from these particulars that the volume, which is in very gay crimson and gold, belongs to the class of sacred verse, and that it is, therefore, to be noted rather for its piety than its literature. But we may venture to suggest that its piety would be none the worse if it were not quite so gloomy, and that little children would be likely to have a more reverential sense of God if His name and attributes were not treated quite so familiarly as in these pages. The excellent intentions of the writer are not to be doubted. Everybody who writes religious verse, let it halt in its gait, or offend in its language as it may, has excellent intentions. But there is something more necessary than that writers of this order—who are certain to command wide audiences—should mean well. It is surely not too much to demand of them that they should do no mischief. One of the least exceptionable specimens we can find in our volume of 'Dewdrops' is the following, entitled—

"ANGELS. A CHILD'S THOUGHTS."

"They say that there are angels;
And, indeed, I think 'tis so;
And that they leave bright traces
Where'er their footsteps go.

"They make the heavens so blue,
The flowers so sweet and fair,
And they scatter golden gleams
On children's waving hair.

"And surely they are where
The clouds of crimson sweep;
And perhaps the glittering stars
Are tear-drops that they weep;

"For I think that while they keep
Near to this world of ours,
They needs must weep in pity
O'er dead and dying flowers.

"Yet they have blissful bowers,
Where death can never come;
Why, for so sad a world as this,
Do they leave their blessed home?

"Ah! is it not alone
That, winged by heavenly love,
They come to guide our footsteps
To that better land above?

"Then as we onward move
We will love to think them nigh,
And long, as dear companions,
To meet with them on high."

This is well enough for a child, and represents upon the whole pretty fairly what may be supposed to be the average notions of children on the subject of angels; but is it consistent with the experiences of children to make them speak of this world as a sad world? Does not the epithet belong to a more mature and vicious period of life? Or does the writer believe that any spiritual benefit can arise from impressing this morbid view of the fallen condition of man upon the minds of the young?

Of the familiar use which is made of sacred things in this little volume, we need not quote more than one or two examples. The custom is so well known that a slight illus-

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tration will suffice. A child's thoughts about 'God's smiles' opens in this way :—

" God sometimes frowns, they say,
But I have often seen His smile,
And curling waves and clustering flowers
Sparkle and dance the while."

In another place we have the following amongst 'A Little Child's Thoughts about Jesus':—

" And so when evening cometh,
And I lie down to rest,
I love to think my spirit
Leans on my Saviour's breast.
" And when through forest paths
I walk at sunny noon,
I think my hand is clasped in his,
And he leads me gently on."

We regard such close and intimate images as a grave impiety, tending to the commission of still farther trespasses upon the mystery of the divine nature. The difference is only in degree between these first steps in spiritual audacity and the blasphemous rant of the field-preacher.

The poetical pretensions of the lady who writes these verses are of a very humble character. She has not the least notion of metre, and the words which are intended to rhyme bear even less resemblance to each other sometimes than the "thumping" and "dumpling" of Baron Brumbach. *Ex. gr.* —a little child is here thinking about the moon :—

" Oh! how I love thee, silver moon!
And fancy in my idle glee
That I could fling my arms around,
And fondle and caress thee."

Another poem tells us what God does for the little birds :—

" Giveth them winter stores,
And tuneth their thrilling notes, [ny. throats?]
Teacheth them how their nests to weave
Beside the running brooks."

In one short piece of eight quatrains we have these rhymes: "meadow" and "sorrow," "meadow" and "morrow," "morning" and "dawning," and "tones" and "homes." We might accumulate more illustrations, but these are ample.

Sketches Critical and Biographic. By Thomas de Quincey. Groombridge.

MR. DE QUINCEY is already well known as an elegant scholar, a somewhat diffuse but lively writer, and a violent partisan of the almost extinct Tory species. The present volume will sustain his reputation in all these particulars. The article on 'Homer and the Homeridae' is a lucid and pleasant *résumé* of the celebrated controversy respecting the authorship and chronology of the Iliad. 'Whiggism in its Relation to Literature,' is nothing more than a depreciationary sketch of Dr. Parr's career, and abounds with amusing anecdotes, scraps of judicious and scholar-like criticism, and political prejudice. The sketch of Shelley's life is very interesting. The author had many opportunities of obtaining information respecting the unhappy poet, and he gives it out with tolerable candour and freedom from party-spirit. But the articles on Goldsmith, Wordsworth's poetry, and John Keats, are mere make-weights. If they were altogether omitted they would not be missed, except so far as they contribute to the size and outward appearance of the volume. In his preface, Mr. de Quincey acknowledges that they were written in haste for a magazine, without due consideration and study. If so, why reprint them? Or if they contained the germ of what was good, why not expand and correct them? The apology offered is insufficient.

The biographical sketch of Shelley is in the form of a review of a book called 'Gallery of Literary Portraits,' by Mr. Gilfillan. The reviewer, though generally abounding in Attic salt, is, in our opinion, far too lenient on this offender against good taste and good feeling. To judge from the few extracts which he quotes from his text, nothing can be worse than this production. He corrects Mr. Gilfillan's mis-statements, it is true. For instance, that gentleman thinks that "Shelley was far too harshly treated in his speculative boyhood," and "that had pity and kind-hearted expostulation been tried, instead of reproach and abrupt expulsion, they might have weaned him from the dry dugs of atheism, to the milky breast of the faith and 'worship of sorrow'; and the touching spectacle had been renewed of the demoniac sitting, 'clothed and in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus.'" This is just the sort of sham sentiment and exaggerated language to please the vulgar. As to taste, it need only be said to be condemned; but the substantial averment which it contains falls to the ground before the plain statement of the fact. Shelley, being an undergraduate of the University of Oxford, published a pamphlet proving to his own satisfaction the absolute and necessary truth of atheism. Hereupon the Heads of Houses assembled at "Golgotha" (the place of Heads) to consult. The majority agreed that, considering Shelley's age (sixteen), and the fact that the pamphlet was not officially addressed to them, they were not bound to take any notice of it. But to be permitted to skulk behind his youth and obscurity by no means suited Shelley.

"He sent his pamphlet, with five-and-twenty separate letters, addressed to the five-and-twenty heads of colleges in Golgotha assembled." It is difficult to see what the university could have done but expel him, after such a proceeding. Had they not done so—even to put the matter on the lowest ground—would it not have been cast in their teeth that they were afraid to adopt as severe a course against a man of family and fortune, as they would against a poor scholar? So ends Mr. Gilfillan's mawkish sentimentalism.

The following account of Shelley's death will be interesting to most readers :—

"About three years after this tragical event, Shelley, in company with his second wife, the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wolstonecraft, passed over for a third time to the Continent, from which he never came back. They lived up and down in Northern Italy; and, I believe, happily. On Monday, July 8, 1822, being then in his twenty-ninth year, Shelley was returning from Leghorn to his home at Lerici, in a schooner-rigged boat of his own, twenty-four feet long, eight in the beam, and drawing four feet water. His companions were only two—Mr. Williams, formerly of the Eighth Dragoons, and Charles Vivian, an English seaman in Shelley's service. The run homewards would not have occupied more than six or eight hours. But the Gulf of Spezzia is peculiarly dangerous for small craft in bad weather; and, unfortunately, a squall of about one hour's duration came on, the wind at the same time shifting so as to blow exactly in the teeth of the course to Lerici. From the interesting narrative drawn up by Mr. Trelawney, well known at that time for his connexion with the Greek Revolution, it seems that for eight days the fate of the boat was unknown; and during that time couriers had been despatched along the whole line of coast between Leghorn and Nice, under anxious hopes that the voyagers might have run into some creek for shelter. But at the end of the eight days all suspense ceased. Some articles belonging to Shelley's boat

had previously been washed ashore: these might have been thrown overboard; but finally the two bodies of Shelley and Mr. Williams came on shore near Via Reggio, about four miles apart. Both were in a state of advanced decomposition, but were fully identified. Vivian's body was not recovered for three weeks. From the state of the two corpses, it had become difficult to remove them; and they were therefore burned by the seaside, on funeral pyres, with the classic rites of paganism, four English gentlemen being present—Captain Shenly, of the navy, Mr. Leigh Hunt, Lord Byron, and Mr. Trelawney. A circumstance is added by Mr. Gilfillan, which previous accounts do not mention—viz., that Shelley's heart remained unconsumed by the fire; but this is a phenomenon that has repeatedly occurred at judicial deaths by fire. The remains of Mr. Williams, when collected from the fire, were conveyed to England; but Shelley's were buried in the Protestant burying-ground at Rome, not far from a child of his own, and Keats the poet. It is remarkable that Shelley, in the preface to his 'Adonais,' dedicated to the memory of that young poet, had spoken with delight of this cemetery, as 'An open space among the ruins' (of ancient Rome), 'covered in winter with violets and daisies,' adding, 'it might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.'

"I have allowed myself to abridge the circumstances as reported by Mr. Trelawney and Mr. Hunt, partly on the consideration that three-and-twenty years (now in 1857 five-and-thirty) have passed since the event, so that a new generation has had time to grow up, not feeling the interest of *contemporaries* in Shelley, and generally, therefore, unacquainted with the case; but partly for the purpose of introducing the following comment of Mr. Gilfillan on the striking points of a catastrophe, 'which robbed the world of this strange and great spirit,' and which secretly tempts men to superstitious feelings, even whilst they are denying them :—

"Everybody knows that, on the arrival of Leigh Hunt in Italy, Shelley hastened to meet him. During all the time he spent in Leghorn, he was in brilliant spirits—to him ever a sure prognostic of coming evil.' [That is, in the Scottish phrase, he was *fey*.] 'On his return to his home and family, his skiff was overtaken by a fearful hurricane, and all on board perished. To a gentleman who, at the time, was with a glass surveying the sea, the scene of his drowning assumed a very striking appearance. A great many vessels were visible, and among them one small skiff, which attracted his particular attention. Suddenly a dreadful storm, attended by thunder and columns of lightning, swept over the sea, and eclipsed the prospect. When it had passed, he looked again. The larger vessels were all safe, riding upon the swell; the skiff only had gone down for ever. And in that skiff was Alastor!' Here he had met his fate. Wert thou, O religious sea, only avenging on his head the cause of thy denied and insulted Deity? Were ye, ye elements, in your courses, commissioned to destroy him? Ah! there is no reply. The surge is silent; the elements have no voice. In the eternal councils the secret is hid of the reason of the man's death. And there, too, rests the still more tremendous secret of the character of his destiny.'

We must question Mr. de Quincey's judgment in curtailing his own interesting narrative for the purpose of introducing this horrible specimen of Mr. Gilfillan's mingled profanity and bad taste. Weak-minded persons delight in tracing "judgments." If a railway accident occurs on a Sunday, all the old women are prodigiously edified and consoled by the opportunity it affords them of pronouncing it a "judgment" on "sabbath-breakers." But we know how he who rebuked the Pharisees for a similar charitable reflection on the fall of the tower of Siloam, would have met such officious interference with his

government of the world. When the Duke of York suggested to Milton that the latter's blindness was a judgment on him for the part he had taken in the great rebellion, Milton suggested in reply, that inasmuch as the loss of one's head is a heavier judgment (if it be a judgment at all) than that of one's eyes, the Duke of York's father must have been a more wicked man than he (Milton). It is so obvious that death, violent, or sudden, or painful, is no proof of the guilt of the sufferer, that it is absurd to argue the question. If it were, what should we think of "the noble army of martyrs"? What monsters of wickedness must those unhappy English ladies be who have been hewn to pieces by the tulwars of the Sepoys!

But take any sudden death, and see how easy it would be to apply to it Mr. Gilfillan's (would be) impressive and awful denunciation. Take the death of Sir Robert Peel, for instance. "On his return from the house, his quadruped took fright at a lady's dress, and threw him. To a gentleman who at this time was, through his eye glass, surveying Constitution Hill, the scene of the 'spill' assumed a very striking appearance. A great many equestrians were visible, and among them one stout gentleman on a chestnut horse, who excited his particular attention. Suddenly a violent gust of wind attended by the fluttering of ladies' dresses, and by clouds of dust, swept over the hill, and blinded him. When it had passed, he looked again. The bay, black, and grey horses were all walking, trotting, or cantering along the road; the chestnut horse only had galloped off without a rider. On the ground was the repealer of the Corn Law. Here he met his fate. Wert thou, O Hill of the Constitution, only avenging on his head the cause of the denied and insulted fabric whose name thou bearest? Were ye, ye horses, in your prancings, commissioned to destroy him who gave you cheap corn? Ah! there is no reply. Constitution Hill is silent. The horse cannot neigh his answer."

This is a version of the accident which we recommend to all staunch Tories, who, like Mr. Gilfillan and Mr. de Quincey, think they can connect the calamities of their adversaries with their political and religious sentiments.

The critique on Dr. Parr, which Mr. de Quincey calls 'Whiggism in its Relation to Literature,' is devoted to taking down the Doctor from the pedestal upon which he had been unduly raised by his friends. The following is an amusing sketch of his manner and appearance; but we suspect exaggeration. Mr. de Quincey was one afternoon in the year 1812 paying a visit to Mrs. Basil Montagu, at whose house Dr. Parr was staying. In the front drawing-room were many casual visitors, in the back, Dr. Parr and the well-known Bobus Smith.

"Considerations such as these, and Dr. Parr's undeniable reputation (granted even by his most admiring biographers) as a sanguinary flagellator, throughout his long career of pedagogue, had prepared me—nay, entitled me—to expect in Dr. Parr a huge carcass of man, fourteen stone at the least. Even his style, pursy and bloated, and his sesquipedalian words, all warranted the same expectation. Hence, then, my surprise, and the perplexity I have recorded, when the door opened, and a little man, in a most plebeian wig (far, indeed, from that wig of his which the 'Edinburgh Review' of eight or nine years earlier had described as the mighty astonishment, or, in Greek, the μεγάλη Σαρπιά of barbers), cut his way through the company, and made for a fauteuil standing opposite to the fire. Into this he lunged; and then forthwith,

without preface or apology, began to open his talk upon the room. Here arose a new marvel, and a greater. If I had been scandalized at Dr. Parr's want of thews and bulk, conditions so indispensable for enacting the part of Sam Johnson, much more, and with better reason, was I now petrified with his voice, utterance, gestures, and demeanour. Conceive, reader, by way of counterpoise to the fine classical pronunciation of Dr. Johnson, an infantine lisp—the worst I ever heard—from the lips of a man above sixty, and accompanied with all sorts of ridiculous grimaces and little stage gesticulations. As he sat in his chair, turning alternately to the right and to the left, that he might distribute his edification in equal proportions amongst us, he seemed the very image of a little French gossiping abbe."

The Prince Regent had at this time just deserted his old political friends, and this formed the staple of the Doctor's discourse.

"He began precisely in these words: 'Oh! I shall tell you' (laying a stress upon the word *shall*, which still further aided the resemblance to a Frenchman) 'sto-hee' (lispingly for story) 'about the Pince Thégent' (such was his nearest approximation to *Prince Regent*). 'Oh! the Pince Thégent!—the Pince Thégent—what a sad, sad man he has turned out! But you shall hear. Oh, what a Pince!—what a Thégent!—what a sad Pince Thégent!' And so the old babbler went on sometimes wringing his hands in lamentation, sometimes flourishing them with French grimaces and shrugs of shoulders, sometimes expanding and contracting his fingers like a fan. After an hour's twaddle of this scandalous description, suddenly he rose, and hopped out of the room, exclaiming all the way, 'Oh, what a Pince!—Oh, what a Thégent! Is it a Thégent, is it a Pince, that you call this man? Oh, what a sad Pince! Did anybody ever hear of such a sad Pince!—such a sad Thégent!—such a sad, sad Pince Thégent? Oh, what a Pince!' &c., *da capo*."

Mr. de Quincey then examines Dr. Parr under his several characters of man of the world, politician, *littérateur*, and divine; and concludes that in all he was a failure. As a man of the world he failed, for his great object in life was a bishopric, and that he did not attain. As a politician he failed, for he was distrusted by his own party for an impracticable fellow, who would probably desert them, on some crotchet, in their hour of need. As a man of letters, he did nothing but write a few pamphlets on his political and personal quarrels, and some very good imitations of Ciceronian Latin in the shape of prefaces and epigrams. As a divine he failed, because he did not wish to see conformity to the Established Church enforced by penal laws, nor the participation in the most awful act of Christian worship made a test of fitness for holding the office of a beadle. If this was a proof of bad divinity, it is one which will be fatal also to the late Bishop Bloomfield, and to most members of the Church of England who adhere to her from conviction, and not from political motives.

There can be little doubt that if Dr. Parr lived now he would not occupy so high a place in public notice as in those days of persecution for the Whigs. He was almost the only scholar and divine whose adherence they could then command, and they valued him for his rarity. But this paper is written in a spirit of fiery partisanship, which makes its fairness more than suspicious. We wonder at a person of Mr. de Quincey's taste descending so low as to twit the memory of Cobbett with the meanness of his origin. It would have been bad enough if Jeames de la Pluche, of 'The Morning Post,'

had rung the changes on 'Corporal Cobbett'; but for a scholar and a gentleman! it is too bad. Cobbett was the first to publish to the world that his boyhood was passed in crow-scaring, and his youth in the duties of a common sentinel. And the fact that, by his own exertions and his own extraordinary abilities, he raised himself from this position to political influence and literary celebrity of no mean order, is in our opinion much to his honour. To have written as Cobbett has, to be the model of a pure English style, to have awakened the higher classes to their duties towards their rural dependants, and given an additional impetus to the English love of country life and to the improvement of agriculture—this is, in our opinion, a more legitimate subject for self-congratulation than to have been born of a good family. Without the slightest disrespect to Mr. de Quincey, we venture to prophecy that "Corporal" Cobbett's writings will be read and remembered longer than his.

Passing over the papers on Goldsmith, Wordsworth, and Keats, which contain nothing original or striking, we come to a very delightful dissertation on the vexed question of the authorship of the Iliad. To enter fully into this would carry us far beyond our limits. It is only necessary to observe that case, in our opinion incontrovertible, is made out against "the German infidels," as Mr. de Quincey calls Wolf and the rest who have called in question the existence of an individual writer of the Iliad, and supposed that it was the product of a very late period of Greek civilization. Mr. de Quincey, on the contrary, brings forward good reasons to show that the original poem was an 'Achilleis,' written by an Ionian Greek, in the year B.C. about 1000, two hundred and twenty years after the destruction of a real city called Troy. For two hundred years this poem was preserved by tradition in Asia Minor and the Greek islands. In the year B.C. 800 it was imported by Lycurgus into Sparta, and in the fifth century B.C. by Solon, Pisistratus, and Hipparchus into Athens, to be preserved by the state as a great national monument. The work of Pisistratus consisted in collecting all known copies, in comparing and selecting the most approved readings from all, and in making various regulations for the safe keeping of the result of the whole. The jealous attention paid to the purity of the text, even at this early period, may be conjectured from the fact that it was referred to by two independent states as a decisive authority on a question of international law. In the middle of the fourth century B.C., the "noontide of Greek literature," the text thus established by Pisistratus was quoted by Plato and others, and their quotations agree with the copies which are now in everybody's hands. But during the five hundred years which intervened between the composition of the poem and the authoritative settlement of the text as we now have it, various episodes of the same period, and relating to the destruction of Troy, were recited by the *rhapsodoi* in conjunction with the original 'Achilleis.' One of these is the account of the night attack on the tents of Rhesus by Ulysses and Diomed. Such of these separate poems as appeared to be authentic and of the age of Homer, were published by Pisistratus with the 'Achilleis' proper, and the whole was named the 'Ilias,' that is to say, the body of ancient poetry relating to the Greek war with Ilium.

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It is obvious that while Mr. de Quincey is a strenuous and successful advocate for the individuality of Homer, the author of the 'Achilleis,' he concedes to the "German Infidels" that large portions of the Iliad, considered as a continuous whole, are interpolations, though not introduced with a fraudulent intention to deceive.

The following is the best criticism we have ever seen on the character of Achilles, and will give our readers some idea of the combination of fine taste and accurate scholarship which the accomplished writer has brought to bear upon the subject:—

"Now, this unity is sufficiently secured, if it should appear that a considerable section of the 'Iliad'—and that section by far the most full of motion, of human interest, of tragical catastrophe, and through which runs, as the connecting principle, a character the most brilliant, magnanimous, and noble, that Pagan morality could conceive—was, and must have been, the work and conception of a single mind. Achilles revolves through that section of the 'Iliad' in a series of phases, each of which looks forward and backward to all the rest. He travels like the sun through his diurnal course. We see him first of all rising upon us as a princely counsellor for the welfare of the Grecian host. We see him atrociously insulted in this office; yet still, though a king, and unused to opposition, and boiling with youthful blood, nevertheless controlling his passion, and retiring in clouded majesty. Even thus, though having now so excellent a plea for leaving the army, and though aware of the early death that awaited him if he staid, he daigns to profit by the evasion. We see him still living in the tented field, and generously unable to desert those who had so insultingly deserted *him*. We see him in a dignified retirement, fulfilling all the duties of religion, friendship, hospitality; and, like an accomplished man of taste, cultivating the arts of peace. We see him so far surrendering his wrath to the earnest persuasion of friendship, that he comes forth at a critical moment for the Greeks to save them from ruin. What are his arms? He has none at all. Simply by his voice he changes the face of the battle. He shouts, and nations fly from the sound. Never but once again is such a shout recorded by a poet—

¹He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded.'

Who called? That shout was the shout of an archangel. Next we see him reluctantly allowing his dearest friend to assume his own arms; the kindness and the modesty of his nature forbidding him to suggest, that not the divine weapons but the immortal arm of the wielder had made them invincible. His friend perishes. Then we see him rise in his noon tide wrath, before which no life could stand. The frenzy of his grief makes him for a time cruel and implacable. He sweeps the field of battle like a monsoon. His revenge descends perfect, sudden, like a curse from heaven. We now recognise the goddess-born. This is his avatar—the incarnate descent of his wrath. Had he moved to battle under the ordinary impulses of Ajax, Diomed, and the other heroes, we never could have sympathized or gone along with so withering a curse. We should have viewed him as a 'scourge of God,' or fiend, born for the tears of wives and the maledictions of mothers. But the poet, before he would let him loose upon men, creates for him a sufficient, or at least palliating motive. In the sternest of his acts, we read only the anguish of his grief. This is surely the perfection of art. At length the work of destruction is finished; but, if the poet leaves him at this point, there would be a want of repose, and we should be left with a painful impression of his hero as forgetting the earlier humanities of his nature, and brought forward only for final exhibition in his terrific phases. Now, therefore, by machinery the most natural, we see this paramount hero travelling back within our gentler sympathies, and revolving to his rest like the vesper sun disrobed

of his blazing terrors. We see him settling down to that humane and princely character in which he had been first exhibited; we see him relenting at the sight of Priam's grey hairs, touched with the sense of human calamity, and once again mastering his passion (grief now) as formerly he had mastered his wrath. He consents that his feud shall sleep; he surrenders the corpse of his capital enemy; and the last farewell chords of the poem rise with a solemn intonation from the grave of 'Hector, the tamer of horses'—that noble soldier who had so long been the column of his country, and to whom, in his dying moments, the stern Achilles had declared—but then in the middle career of his grief—that no honourable burial should ever be granted."

"German infidels!" you who presume to doubt of the existence of Homer and the inspiration of the Iliad, listen to that and recant, and return to the communion of "true believers!"

Quits; a Novel. By the Baroness Tautphœus. Bentley.

THE most distinguishing characteristic of the authoress of the 'Initials' is her remarkable good sense. We do not mean to imply that she is in any way deficient in fancy or feeling, but that these are the ornaments and graces of a character whose essence and substratum consist in a sound judgment. Among the numerous expressions of admiration which the perusal of her works is certain to elicit from all who know what a good novel is, how sensible! how oftener be heard than how clever! and how clever! than how beautiful! Like a prudent mother, she will not suffer her brain children to do anything romantic without being first fully satisfied that it is at the same time reasonable. When Alfred Hamilton marries Hildegarde without a penny, she is careful to let us know that it is not only the most magnanimous but the wisest thing he ever did in his life. Let a hero or heroine infringe this golden rule of discretion, and it is all over with them. The insulted proprieties must have their victim, be she as fascinating as Cyril von Adlerkron.

Viewed aesthetically, this imperturbable sagacity has its advantages and its drawbacks. It has more hold on the attention than the feelings. Like a cold wind, it keeps us on, but does not carry us off our feet. We feel that we are receiving both amusement and instruction; yet are often tempted to exclaim with Hamilton, "O Hildegarde, I wish you were more like a girl of your age!" We should like a little more pulsation and passion, a little less deference to fashionable conventionalities. There is certainly a good deal of worldliness in these books, which has, it may be hoped, reached its *ne plus ultra* in the passage where the rejected hero of 'Quits' gravely informs his mistress that, while he is not in the least surprised at her indifference to the lover, her refusal of the *lord* is indeed an abnormal phenomenon. Whereupon she acquaints him that she has twenty thousand a-year herself, and has the gratification of learning that the explanation is considered quite satisfactory. At the same time, far from us be it to insinuate that the general tendency of the Baroness's fictions is in the slightest degree low or sordid. She possesses that highest and most precious degree of good sense which has good sense enough to acknowledge that there is something higher and more precious than itself. She has, therefore, at once the instinct that recognises the higher types of character, and the judg-

ment that exhibits them to the best advantage. We know no modern novels to be preferred to 'The Initials' and 'Cyrilla,' either for instruction or entertainment, and we could almost venture to promise the former the immortality usually reserved for the best efforts of genius. This, at least, we can say, that we should not like to belong to a generation to which the beauty of a character like Hildegarde Rosenberg's should be exhibited in vain.

In acuteness of observation, in accuracy of delineation, and in vividness of description, 'Quits' is quite equal to either of its predecessors. Its perusal is attended with a charm like that arising from the conversation of a person of sound sense and extensive knowledge; we feel that we are rationally as well as agreeably employed. We like the book, and think better of ourselves for doing so. The amount of information conveyed is really marvellous; the fault is that there is rather too much of it. We sometimes half suspect the story of having been penned, not to excite our sympathies for human creatures, but to cheat us into imbibing a deal of such knowledge respecting the Bavarian Highlands as would have found more appropriate place in a book of travels. In fact, the human interest of the story is its weakest side. Leonora Nixon, the heroine, is indeed a charming creature, but we cannot say that we think her much improved since the days when she went by the name of Cyrilla von Adlerkron. A beautiful and gentle but firm and sensible girl, neglected or persecuted by the unkind, circumvented by the designing, and sorely harassed by the inconstancy and worldliness of the male sex—such seems to be, in the Baroness's opinion, the sole type of heroic excellence in a woman. At all events, none of her female creations have as yet been allowed to become heroines on easier terms; and the sameness of their situation is beginning to grow fatiguing. Many of the other personages are admirable conceptions, but sketched so briefly and carelessly as to seem more like short-hand notes of character than actual portraits. Uncle Stephen, Cousin Arthur, Lord Medway, are each and all masterly studies of human nature; but they all die before the end of the first volume, and leave the world to darkness and Cousin Georgina. Viewed as a picture of character, this young lady is a *chef d'œuvre*—but she is a picture and nothing else, from first to last neither doing nor saying a single thing that in any way conduces to the progress of the story.

Matters being in so desperate a plight as this, with all the principal personages either killed or *hors de combat*, one would have thought that the tale must have stopped of itself. And so, in fact, it does; but our versatile authoress is immediately ready with a new one. In a wink, the scene changes from London to Bavaria, and the readers whose sympathy has hitherto attended poor Leonora Nixon, the metropolitan recluse, are requested to be so good as to interest themselves in the concerns of the little hamlet of Almenau, and disentangle the rustic *imbroglio* of Rosel, Franz, and black Seppel of the Mill. It need not be said how utterly fatal this disunity of action is to all the pretensions of 'Quits' as a work of art. Two tales will no more make a novel than two blades will make a knife; and 'Quits' is nothing but two tales bound up together without any intimate connexion, and neither particu-

larly worth the telling in itself. The merit of the book, then, apart from its general good sense, is reduced to that of its incidental passages, and this is certainly very great. The life, the love, the physiognomy of the Bavarian Highlands are brought before us with a vividness which the most elaborate word-painter would find it difficult to surpass.

We shall be surprised if this book does not send many tourists to the picturesque and little known regions it describes, especially now that these are about to become accessible by rail. Notwithstanding its shortcomings, we part from the authoress in a very good humour, being convinced that her peculiar powers remain undiminished, and that her comparative failure on this occasion is to be traced to nothing worse than a casual neglect not likely to happen again. So sensible a writer cannot but be well aware both of her present work's inferiority to its predecessors, and of the reason why this is the case; and we fully expect to find her for the future paying that attention to the elaboration of character and the unity of action, that is alone needful to make 'Quits' one of the best novels of the age, as well as of the season.

Soyer's Culinary Campaign. Being Historical Reminiscences of the Late War, with the Plain Art of Cookery. By Alexis Soyer. G. Routledge and Co.

[Second Notice.]

We commence our second notice of M. Soyer's Crimean journal with an account of his introduction to the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Raglan was riding from head-quarters to Balaklava to welcome General della Marmora on the arrival of the Sardinian army, when M. Soyer, recognising Colonel Steele, one of the staff, requested to know if he could be introduced :-

"Colonel Steele addressed him, 'I beg pardon, my lord, Monsieur Soyer is here.' Lord Raglan turned suddenly round, and, before I had time to salute him, said, 'Ah, Monsieur Soyer, how are you? I am indeed very glad to see you.' I assured his lordship I felt highly flattered at his kind reception.

"You are welcome to the seat of war, Monsieur Soyer. It is many years since we had the pleasure of seeing each other.'

"It must be about ten years, my lord.'

"More than that; let me see—it cannot be less than fourteen, I am sure. I recollect going with some friends of mine to visit you in your interesting kitchen at the Reform Club. You remember?"

"So well, that I recollect your lordship saying you never had a good dinner excepting when they gave you the *pot-au-feu* made after my receipt, and that I was one of your great benefactors."

"Perfectly right, Monsieur Soyer. You have been one not only to me, but the public at large, in making all your receipts known. Since we met, you have worked very hard, and, although I did not see you, I watched your progress and industry."

"I am still quite ready to render myself useful, and willing to work harder than ever, under your direction."

"Well, well, you may depend upon it I shall do all in my power to render your services available." Turning to an officer on his left, Lord Raglan said, "Will you allow me to introduce Monsieur Soyer?" Then addressing himself to me, Lord Raglan said, "Monsieur Soyer—His Excellency Omer Pacha."

"I bowed to the distinguished Turkish commander, who said in French, 'Ah, Monsieur Soyer, I have frequently heard Beyram Pacha speak of you; only yesterday he mentioned your name. He is acquainted with you?'

"Yes, your excellency, I had the honour of sailing from Marseilles to Constantinople in company with the general."

"He told me you were about to open a large hotel at Eupatoria."

"No, no, your excellency; Monsieur Soyer is come to show our soldiers how to make the best of their rations, which I consider very kind of him, and no doubt they will improve under his tuition. They will not change their old style of cooking for anyone else. Myself, several colonels, and even generals, have taken a deal of interest, and trouble in trying to teach them a better way of cooking. They adopt our plan while we are present, but when once our backs are turned, they go on in their old way."

"Very true, very true," said Omer Pacha. "It is just the same with my men. Show them anything better than their pilaff, they will not adopt it for the world."

"You have done wonders, Monsieur Soyer, in the hospitals at Scutari, as I perceive from the report and the letter addressed to me by Lord William Paulet."

"I am very happy to have succeeded so well; and hope the system will in time be followed out by every hospital, as it is less trouble than the old one, not more expensive, and has been highly approved by all the medical authorities."

"Oh," said Lord Raglan, "if it has been approved of by the faculty, there is no doubt of its being adopted at home."

"I have great numbers of testimonial from the heads of the medical departments." By this time we had arrived near Kadikoi, which then consisted of only a few wooden huts. The rain never ceased, and we went at a foot-pace all the way, which gave us an opportunity of conversing. I had the honour of riding on Lord Raglan's right side, and Omer Pacha was on his left. No sooner did we come within view of the plain of Balaklava, than his lordship pointed out the spot where the battle was fought, and asked me if I could see a small church at a distance.

"Perfectly well," was my answer.

"From this spot, on a fine day, you can see the enemy quite distinctly," said Lord Raglan; "and on that large mound which appears so close to us, you can easily see their sentries."

"So I can, my lord. Is that a Russian picket?"

"Yes, it is."

"I thanked Lord Raglan for the information; saying, 'As I have no particular fancy to have the honour of being made a prisoner of war, I shall take care not to go too near our friends the enemies.' His lordship turned round, and made some remark to Omer Pacha, who laughed heartily; but I did not distinctly hear what he said—the road was rugged, and Lord Raglan wore a mackintosh with a hood over his head—it was, however, to the effect that the Russians could not secure a more useful prisoner than myself, especially for —— (the name escaped me), who is a great epicure."

"We were by that time near the Col of Balaklava. Lord Raglan asked me if I had seen the Sardinians land. I replied that, although I knew they were expected, I was not aware of their arrival."

"Oh yes, General della Marmora has arrived, and I am going to receive him."

"A large crowd had by this time gathered round the general and his staff. When near the harbour, I took leave of his lordship, who kindly invited me to call at head-quarters whenever I liked, and told me that Colonel Steele would give me all the information and assistance I might require to carry out my views. I followed the brilliant *cortège*, being anxious to witness the reception of the Sardinian general, which was most cordial and effusive, especially when the band struck up 'God save the Queen'; such an animated and enthusiastic *tableau* never met my eyes. The sketch was worthy the pencil of the great Horace Vernet."

M. Soyer's introduction to Mrs. Seacole is amusingly told:—

"Having the best part of the day before me, I set off at a gallop towards head-quarters, intending to keep the promise I had made Lord Raglan respecting his dilapidated culinary department, and also to make the acquaintance of M. Armand, his *chef de cuisine*. As I was not well acquainted with the road across the country, I made up my mind to follow the high one which passes close to head-quarters. When about half-way, I perceived a group of officers standing by the roadside round a kind of tent much like a gipsy tent, but considerably larger. This excited my interest, and I was riding towards it, when, to my astonishment, several voices called out—'Soyer! Soyer! come here—come this way!' I readily complied with the invitation, and found two or three gentlemen whom I had the pleasure of knowing. During our conversation, an old dame of a jovial appearance, but a few shades darker than the white lily, issued from the tent, bawling out, in order to make her voice heard above the noise, 'Who is my new son?' to which one of the officers replied, 'Monsieur Soyer, to be sure, don't you know him?'

"God bless me, my son, are you Monsieur Soyer of whom I heard so much in Jamaica? Well, to be sure! I have sold many and many a score of your Relish and other sauces—God knows how many."

"My dear lady," said I, "don't blame me for that; I assure you I am not at all offended with you for so doing, and shall allow you to sell as much more in the Crimea."

"So I would if I could only get them. Bless me, I had a gross about ten days ago, and they are all gone; nor can I get any more for another month perhaps. Come down, my son, and take a glass of champagne with my old friend, Sir John Campbell."

"I immediately alighted, and Sir John came towards me and shook me heartily by the hand, saying, 'Welcome to the seat of war, Monsieur Soyer!'

"Many thanks, general, for your kind wishes. I had the pleasure of leaving my card at Cathcart's Hill the other day."

"You did; and I was very sorry that I was out when you called; but mind, you must come and dine with me some day."

"Thank you, general, I shall do myself the honour."

"Now, Mrs. Seacole, give us another bottle of champagne."

"Mrs. Seacole," I exclaimed, "is that lady the celebrated Mrs. Seacole?"

"Of course," said the general.

"She then came forth from her bivouac cellar, with two bottles in her hands, exclaiming, 'I shall stand mine, and no mistake.'

"We all declared it would never do for a lady to stand treat in the Crimea."

"Lord bless you, Monsieur Soyer," said the lady, "don't you know me?"

"Yes, I do now, my dear madam."

"Well, all those fine fellows you see here are my Jamaican sons—are you not?" said she, opening the champagne, and addressing the general.

"We are, Mrs. Seacole, and a very good mother you have been to us."

"I have known you, general, for many years."

"Well, here's a health to all."

"We emptied our glasses, and returned the compliment."

Miss Nightingale was at this time alarmingly ill in one of the sick wards, under the care of Mrs. Roberts. The following anecdote, as related by her to M. Soyer, will be read with interest:—

"Well, sir, I was in my room sewing, when two men on horseback, wrapped in large gutta-percha cloaks, and dripping wet, knocked at the door. I went out, and one inquired in which hut Miss Nightingale resided. He spoke so loud, that I said, 'Hist! hist! Don't make such a horrible noise as that, my man,' at the same time making a sign with both hands for him to be

quiet. He then repeated his question, but not in so loud a tone. I told him this was the hut.

"All right," said he, jumping from his horse, and he was walking straight in, when I pushed him back, asking him what he meant and whom he wanted.

"Miss Nightingale," said he.

"And pray who are you?"

"Oh, only a soldier," was his reply; "but I must see her—I have come a long way—my name is Raglan—she knows me very well."

"Miss Nightingale overhearing him, called me in, saying, 'Oh! Mrs. Roberts, it is Lord Raglan. Pray tell him I have a very bad fever, and it will be dangerous for him to come near me.'

"I have no fear of fever or anything else," said Lord Raglan.

"And before I had time to turn round, in came his lordship. He took up a stool, sat down at the foot of the bed, and kindly asked Miss Nightingale how she was, expressing his sorrow at her illness, and thanking and praising her for the good she had done for the troops."

Strangely contrasting scenes of jollity and mourning appear at intervals throughout the journal, such as the following:—

"One evening, as I was returning late from the camp, I met several of the heroes of Balaklava; amongst these Colonel Peel and Major Cook of the 11th Hussars, with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted at Scutari. They would take no refusal, so I was compelled to accompany them to their mess room and dine with them, which invite I was not long accepting, requiring at the time no end of restoratives for myself and charger, after a hard day's duty. It was indeed a splendid place for the Crimea—the camp being still in the infancy of luxury. A table was laid for sixteen guests, who had wisely opened a kind of club in a large hut. The rations were artistically turned to good account, and numerous little extras were procured from Balaklava, particularly fish. Two fine clout, or knotted turbots, with the et-ceteras, gave an appearance of luxurious festivity; and though no one could boast of the elegance of the service, at all events there were a few plates, knives and forks upon the table—at that time luxuries were not requisite. Good health—ferocious appetite—lots of capital ale, porter, sherry, port, champagne—laughter, puns, and fun in abundance—witty anecdotes, and plenty of songs, good, bad, and indifferent, prevailed. The sixteen officers were joined by about twenty more after dinner. They sat down anywhere and everywhere, even out of doors. It was, in fact, the most martial festival I had seen during my visit to the Crimea, and quite cast in the shade our former semi-banquet at head-quarters.

"It was midnight ere this jovial party broke up; and a few minutes after I was on my way home. The sentry on duty at the Col of Balaklava was calling out, with the lungs of a Stentor, 'Who goes there?' to a group bearing lighted torches coming towards him; and several voices, in a mournful tone, replied, 'Friends.'

"Pass, friends." A sudden change of scene and sensation soon took place! On approaching the group, and inquiring what was the matter, I perceived four Sardinian soldiers bearing a sick officer upon a stretcher. He was followed by several others. The Sardinians at that time suffered terribly from fever and cholera, and their daily loss of men was something fearful. They were admitted to the General Hospital, as there was not sufficient room in their own.

"Following the group with solemn interest as far as the General Hospital, I learned that the precious burden they were carrying was one of the bravest officers of this small though perfect model of an army. It was a Major Crossetti, in the bloom of life, his age only six-and-thirty, who was suddenly attacked by cholera; and Miss Wear (the head lady under Miss Nightingale) begged of me to go and offer consolation, as well as to interpret and explain to the doctors what his servant required. He had then only just been attacked.

In less than two hours, the fatal malady had increased to that extent that no hope was entertained of saving him, though every attention had been immediately afforded. Alas! all was of no avail.

"The contraction and sudden change of one of the finest and noblest military faces I ever beheld, graced by a beard of an auburn tinge, to the hideous transformation caused by that awful disease, will never be effaced from my memory, and is far too piteous to be described. I remained with him more than three hours, but he died during the night; his poor servant, a Savoyard, who had been with him from his boyhood, wept bitterly. Miss Wear, though very unwell, remained at his side till he had expired. He kept asking, his moist hand clasped in mine, 'Pensez-vous que je vais mourir'—Do you think I am about to die?

"No, no! impossible, so young!" I ejaculated.

"I would not care if it were on the field of battle; but I have done nothing for my country in this war."

The words I addressed to him seemed to console him greatly. Miss Wear, however, informed me privately that the case had taken such a turn that nothing could save him.

"A few days prior to my departure from the Crimea, my final reminiscence of this noble departed soldier was to see his name engraved on marble in letters of gold on the grand national Sardinian Monument so picturesquely situated on the summit of the high rock above the Sanatorium."

M. Soyer left, with Miss Nightingale, for Scutari, and after an absence of three or four weeks, returned to the Crimea. By this time a quantity of stoves had arrived for him, and in due course he opened his camp kitchen with a sort of *fête*. Poor Lord Raglan was no more, and General Canrobert had resigned. With M. Soyer's account of this grand culinary field-day we must bring our extracts from his lively journal to a close:—

"Early in the morning the camp seemed full of life and gaiety. Mounted officers in full uniform might be seen rushing about in all directions; bands were playing, regiments filing past, and everything bearing the appearance of a great festival. I set cheerfully to work, and, in spite of difficulties which can only be understood by those who have been in the Crimea, I succeeded in getting all in tolerably good order for my great martial banquet *al fresco*. I made several messes with the soldiers' rations, and at the same expense, though I had introduced sauce and ingredients which could easily be added to the army stores without increasing the cost, thus making a nice variation in the meals, so important to the health of a large body of men like the army or navy, to the latter of which it is as easily applicable as the former.

"The bill of fare consisted of plain boiled salt beef; ditto, with dumplings; plain boiled salt pork; ditto, with peas-pudding; stewed salt pork and beef, with rice; French pot-au-feu; stewed fresh beef, with potatoes; mutton, ditto, with haricot beans; ox-cheek and ox-feet soups; Scotch mutton-broth; common curry, made with fresh and salt beef.

"By three o'clock my guests began to arrive. The stoves were in the open air, placed in a semi-circle, and though in a state of ebullition, no one could perceive that any cooking was going on, except on raising the lids. A material point I had in view was that no fire should be seen when used in the trenches. A common table, made of a few boards, and garnished with soldiers' tin plates, iron forks and spoons, composed my open-air dining-room.

"About four o'clock my reception commenced. Lord Rokeby, accompanied by several French officers in full dress, was the first to honour me with a visit. This gave me an opportunity of fully explaining to him and his friends the plan and construction of the apparatus, as well as its simplicity, cleanliness, and great economy in the consumption of fuel. At the same time, I showed with what

ease and certainty the men could regulate the heat and prepare the new receipts.

"By this time several hundred visitors had made their appearance, and gay and animated was the scene. All present were in the same costume as that in which they appeared at the grand chivalric ceremony which had taken place at head-quarters—the installation of the Order of the Bath. I was also highly favoured, I may say, by the presence of a charming group of the fair sex, about ten in number, escorted by their cavaliers. After taking some refreshment under the monstrosity tent, they came to add their charms to the martial banquet, and taste with gusto the rough food of the brave. I had nothing out of doors to offer their delicate palates but the soldiers' rations, transmogrified in various ways. My task now became extremely difficult. The crowd was so great, that my batteries were quite taken by storm (*de cuisine*, of course). Refreshments of all kinds were distributed pretty freely throughout the day. The band in attendance was ordered to play, and struck up 'Partant pour la Syrie.' All were immediately on the *qui vive*, when Captain Colville galloped up to me, and said—

"General Simpson has sent me to inform you that General Pelissier and himself will be here in a few minutes."

"A gorgeous cavalcade was soon seen in the distance. It consisted of the Allied Generals and Staff, and a numerous suite. General Pelissier alighted from his carriage, and joined General Simpson. I went and met the distinguished visitors, who had come from head-quarters after the ceremony of the distribution of the Order of the Bath by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

"Upon the arrival of the generals, the band continued playing 'Partant pour la Syrie.' The cannon of Sebastopol appeared to redouble its roar—so much so, that General Pelissier, with a smile, called General Simpson's attention to the fact: added to which, the hundreds of uniforms, cocked hats and feathers—French, English, and Sardinian gave full effect to the lively scene.

"In course of conversation, General Simpson said, 'Monsieur Soyer, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, in reply to your letter, sends his compliments, and regrets he shall not be able to attend your opening, as he must be on board the *Caradoc*, now lying in Kamiesch Bay, by five o'clock, on his way to Constantinople.'

"I thanked General Simpson for his kindness in troubling himself about the message, and the review of my culinary camp, which upon this occasion was rather extensive, commenced. It comprised four bell-tents, one marquee, and a large square tent, capable of holding more than two hundred persons. A luncheon *al fresco* was served in the camp, and four of my cooks attended upon the guests. The tops of the tents were surmounted with flags and garlands of evergreens composed of vine-leaves; the same were also attached to the posts which supported the rope forming the limits of the enclosure, giving to the whole a martial and lively appearance. The weather was so fine that every one preferred remaining in the open air.

"Generals Pelissier and Simpson proceeded to taste the various articles of food. The pot-au-feu, or beef-soup, was prepared partly from ox-heads, which were usually buried, instead of being used as food for the soldiers, no doubt in consequence of the difficulty of cleaning them.

"General Pelissier tasted several samples of the pot-au-feu, and, addressing General Barnard, declared that he felt as interested in this unexpected exhibition as in the ceremony of the morning. The witty General Barnard replied, 'Your excellency must agree with me that this day has been remarkably well spent: we devoted the morning to the *cordon rouge*, and the afternoon to the *cordon bleu*.' General Pelissier much enjoyed the *bon-mot*, and repeated it to the officers of the Staff, thus creating great hilarity amongst them."

M. Soyer's 'Culinary Campaign' is an episode in the history of the Russian war that will not readily be forgotten.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A Descriptive Catalogue of the Antiquities of Stone, Earthen, and Vegetable Materials in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. By W. R. Wilde, M.R.I.A. Dublin : M. H. Gill.

Celtic Gleannings ; or, Notices of the History and Literature of the Scottish Gael. By the Rev. T. McLauchlan, Edinburgh : MacLachlan and Stewart.

The Celt. Part I. Edited by a Committee of the Celtic Union. Dublin :

The Character and Logical Method of Political Economy. By John E. Cairnes, A.M. Longman and Co.

India : its History, Climate, and Productions, with a Full Account of the Origin, Progress, and Development of the Bengal Mutiny. By J. H. Stocqueler. Routledge & Co.

Life's Phases. By Robert W. Thom. Hamilton and Co.

The Squire of Beechwood : a True Tale. By 'Scrutator.' 3 vols. Herst and Blackett.

The Robber Chieftain : a Tale of Dublin Castle. Dublin : J. Duffy.

Recollections of Mrs. Hester Taffetas, Court Milliner and Modiste during the Reign of George III. Edited by her Granddaughter. Knight and Son.

Violets and Jonquils. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley.

Blanche's Wanderings ; or, the Guiding Hand. By Mary Stuart Hall. J. C. Brown and Co.

The Highlanders of Glen Ora. By James Grant. J. and C. Brown and Co.

Kiana ; a Tradition of Hawaii. By James J. Jarves. Low, Son, and Co.

German made Easy. By M. Selig. D. Nutt.

Across the Channel ; or, What I Did and What I Saw. By Theophilus Oper. Ward and Lock.

A DESCRIPTIVE catalogue of the splendid collection of antiquities in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy has long been felt to be a desideratum by students of national and of general archaeology. After the preparation of the catalogue had been resolved on, its publication was hastened by the expected visit of the British Association to Dublin, to be ready for which, the portion that could be completed has been published as Part I. of the whole catalogue. Mr. W. R. Wilde, secretary of foreign correspondence to the Academy, undertook the duty of compilation, and has thus far performed well the laborious and difficult task. Any arrangement must be to a certain extent arbitrary and artificial, and that adopted by Mr. Wilde is, on the whole, as good as could be devised. The objects are arranged in classes according to material, and subdivided into species according to use, under such headings as weapons, tools, food, implements, household utensils, articles of dress and decoration, money, medicine, sepulture, and miscellaneous. Part I. embraces the three classes of stone materials, earthen materials, and vegetable materials ; leaving animal and metallic, with some special classes of objects, such as coins and human remains, to be described in Part II. of the work. About a hundred and sixty wood engravings embellish the volume.

We can say little for the matter and less for the spirit of the new publication, *The Celt*, edited by a committee of what is called the Celtic Union. Under pretext of fostering historical and archaeological recollections, the meanest and most malicious antipathies of race and creed are encouraged by some of the writers in this work. Hatred of the Saxon is the first duty inculcated on the Celt by the mischief-makers of the Celtic Union, who have associated with them some men worthy of better company and occupation. To give but one example. There is an article on Torture in India which seems a favourite theme with all who hate England. The American slaveholders, the Neapolitan gaolers, and the honourable member for Dungarvan in his recent book on the Pope and the Papal States, all agree in holding up the English to hatred for the alleged tortures in India. The Celt gives details from the report of the Parliamentary inquiry, and closes his account by exclaiming, with the affectation of pious horror : "Gracious heaven ! is this the civilization British arms carries (*sic.*) into foreign lands ! Just Providence, how long, oh, how long, must down-trodden human nature endure such crimes ?" Perhaps the writer is ignorant that it is by natives only, when not under the eye of Europeans, that any of the cruelties referred to may have been perpetrated ; but it answers the purpose of the writer to convey to his ignorant readers the impression that the use of torture has been introduced into India by the "civilized" Bri-

tish Government. This is enough to show the spirit of The Celt. In another article, mourning over the new era that has dawned on Ireland as one of delusive prosperity, the writer admits great progress in arts, science, learning, commerce, industry, and the development of the resources of the country ; but one thing is decaying, and that is—patriotism. Heaven save poor Ireland, now recovering from her calamities, from the patriotism of The Celt !

The treatise on the Character and Logical Method of Political Economy, by Mr. Cairnes, Whately Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin, contains the substance of his introductory course of lectures. It is a condition attached to the Professorship, that at least one lecture shall be published in the year by the Professor. The requirement is here exceeded, the subject being one which demands more extended treatment. What Mr. Cairnes designates the logical method might with more propriety be the inductive method, his system being founded on the application to economical questions the same general mode of investigation which is in use in physical research. It is by this method alone that political economy can be raised from the fragmentary state which it now presents to a more systematic and well-ordered science. Mr. Cairnes is a labourer in the right track, and his influence as a teacher must be beneficial in directing students to the right method of research, as well in communicating information on the facts and philosophy of the subject. We have no intention of following Mr. Cairnes in any of the special details of his work, but have pleasure in recommending it as a sound and useful manual of elementary principles. In his remarks on the logical method of political philosophy, justice is scarcely done to some of the most successful labourers who have preceded him in the same field. The lectures of Dugald Stewart, recently edited by the late Sir William Hamilton, have anticipated many of the conclusions which Mr. Cairnes brings forward, and the Scottish school of political economy has, since the days of Adam Smith and Dr. Reid, proceeded on the inductive system which has led to such important results in physical science. Dr. Whately's labours are worthy of all praise, but he has exercised more of the Aristotelian and less of the Baconian logic than his predecessors or contemporaries of the Scottish school, which boasts, after Adam Smith and David Hume, of the names of Stewart, Mill, Chalmers, and other distinguished political economists. It is of great importance for Ireland that a man of the ability and philosophical spirit of Mr. Cairnes occupies the chair of the Whately Professorship at Dublin. In his oral lectures he may perhaps do justice to authors, reference to whose names and works is omitted in this published treatise. If not, it is time that Mr. Cairnes made himself acquainted with them.

Part of Mr. Stocqueler's book on India has already done service in a previous publication—the Handbook of India, but much additional matter has been added, bearing upon the insurrection which now occupies all minds. There is no popular work of the same size which contains a larger amount of useful information about the history, climate, and customs of India, so far as is necessary for an intelligent perusal of the despatches and letters that will for many months occupy a large space in the English newspapers. Mr. Stocqueler knows his subject well, and from his own observation and recollections, as well as from the works of the best writers on India and Indian affairs, he has prepared a volume well adapted for popular reading at this time. A narrative of the mutiny in the Bengal army up to the latest date, and a sensible account of the chief causes of the disturbance, with suggestions for the future conduct of affairs, are appended to the volume. We have faults to find with Mr. Stocqueler, but it is only just to speak with praise of his present exertions, both as an author and lecturer, by which knowledge of a right kind is diffused about our Eastern empire.

Dublin Castle witnessed a gay and genial scene

a week or two ago, when the Viceroy entertained in its old halls the assembled members of the British Association. That meeting was a sign and symbol of the times, and represented a state of Ireland strangely contrasting with periods of her history not very remote. 'The Robber Chieftain, a Tale of Dublin Castle,' recalls the dark times of James II., and the hero of the tale is the notorious Redmond O'Hanlon, sometimes called Count Hanlon, a highwayman and villain, who caused no little terror and trouble in his day, till the Duke of Ormonde got him shot. The author of this tale represents O'Hanlon as a man of generosity, gallantry, chivalry, and disinterestedness, a hero who, "had he lived in former times, would have been honoured by the nation and people in whose defence he fought, as a Viviat, a Herman, or a Scanderberg." The truth probably lies between this eulogium and the name the man bears as a mounted Jack Sheppard and Rapparee leader of the worst class—an Irish Captain Macbeth, in short.

A series of English tales of the times of French Royalist refugees, lace-ruffed highwaymen, looped robes and elaborate coiffures, appear under the guise of Recollections of Mrs. Hester Taffetas, court milliner in the early part of the reign of George III. The book begins by telling that Mrs. Taffetas became a widow two years after the marriage of the King with the Princess of Mecklenberg Strelitz. This took place in 1761, so that the venerable lady, who is represented as now dictating the stories to her granddaughter, must be considerably advanced into the second century of her age. However, it is possible that the said granddaughter may have kept the Recollections in manuscript for some time, and so we let this unexplained anachronism pass. The stories are pleasantly written, and some of them cleverly recall social customs and domestic events, such as Horace Walpole and the chroniclers of the last century refer to in their writings. There is one tale, for instance, founded on the extraordinary porcelain mania which afflicted this country about eighty years ago. There are stories of a highwayman's bridal, and a lady's revenge, and an earl's daughter, and a discontented milliner, and a changeling, and a maid of honour, each of which might afford materials for a Surrey melodrama, if not actually tales made up from old playbooks of past times.

Violets and Jonquils, a pretty title to a dull tale. The writer is not without considerable cleverness, but from inexperience or want of art and taste, the story is not well constructed, and many of the details are improbable, and the too frequent efforts at smartness of writing are not pleasant to a sensible reader.

There is some power and much good feeling in the tale of Blanche's Wanderings, and the parts of the book descriptive of Scottish scenery and illustrative of Scottish life are written with warmth and liveliness. The most useful hint we have to give to the author is in regard to the over-coloured style. There are too many epithets and circumlocutions, and other intended ornaments—a common error with inexperienced writers either in prose or verse. If the writer would just translate two or three pages of her flowery diction into plain language, such as she would use in telling her tale to children, she would find that the new version would be much more effective for old as well as young readers. Had any judicious friend heard the first page read aloud, the key note of the whole composition, as far as style is concerned, would have been rightly struck. A kind banter about the 'ancestral mansion,' and 'finny spoil,' and 'finely curved lips,' and 'masses of bright chestnut hair,' would have led the author to eschew the common faults of writers of fiction. This hint we throw out with the best feeling, for the book has qualities which give promise of higher effort, if the style appeared more natural.

In the story of the Highlanders of Glen Ora, Mr. James Grant has attempted to illustrate some of the phases of Scottish life in our own times. The tale itself is not very striking in its incidents, although advantage is taken of some of the scenes and events

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of the Russian war, Allan Mac Innon, Gent, having been appointed to an ensign in one of the Highland regiments in the Mediterranean, vice Dowb, promoted to the Turkish contingent. But there is more real interest in the parts of the book illustrating the progress of the clearing of the Highlands by compulsory emigration. Surely the scenes described by Mr. Grant as having taken place within the last three years are exaggerated. The houses of the poor clansmen broken down or burned down, the wives and little ones left shelterless on the bare heath to pass the nights, the cruel tyranny of stranger factors and of lawyers' agents, with police and soldiers to back them in driving the outcasts to the shores—these are surely scenes either wholly invented or greatly exaggerated. However, Mr. Grant writes apparently in firm belief of the truth of what he states. The hardships of the emigrants on the voyage are scarcely inferior to the horrors of the "middle passage" of the African slaves. The clan was decimated by fever and starvation, a small pittance of meal and brackish water being their sole allowance; but they were amply supplied with anti-slavery tracts, addresses to the women of America, and shilling copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Well may the author write with glowing indignation about this treatment of his countrymen. "Ignorance of Scottish affairs and of Scottish wants and wishes, together with the criminal apathy of Scottish representatives, and the overwhelming influence of centralization, are doubtless the cause of much of the misery and ruin of the Highland population; and the day may come when Britain will find the breasts and bayonets of her foreign legionaries, or the effeminate rabble of her manufacturing cities, but a poor substitute for the stubborn clansmen of Sutherland, Ross-shire, and Breadalbane." In the great wars of the early part of the century many a chief in the Highlands responded to the invitation to lead his clansmen to join the army in the Peninsula, but there will be few now able to raise a hundred men for India, even under the bribe of obtaining a commission. The people have been driven out of the country that they may make room for sheep walks and deer forests.

The tale of Kiana is founded on a singularly interesting tradition said to exist among the people of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands. Two centuries and a half before they were visited by Cook, who is commonly described as the first European who discovered and set foot on the islands, there came to Hawaii a white man, bringing with him an idol, which was numbered with the gods of the islanders, and a temple built for its service. The stranger became the priest of the temple, and gained great influence, leaving a reputation for holiness which was long fresh in the memories of the people. Another statement adds that a vessel was wrecked on the island, and that the captain and his sister reached the shore, where they were generously received and adopted into the families of the chiefs. This is said to have taken place during the reign of Kaboukapa or Kiana, King of Hawaii, eighteen generations before Kamehameha I. Mr. Jarves, who resided for several years in early life at Hawaii, used to gather floating fragments of this legend, and has now woven them into a tale, which, although fictitious in its detailed incidents, contains many striking sketches of the scenery, customs, superstitions, and traditions of the islands. The story is well conceived and cleverly written, but the legendary basis of it has for us the chief interest. Mr. Jarves conjectures that the lost ship was one of those that belonged to the exploring expedition sent by Cortes to California after the conquest of Mexico. Three ships were sent, one of which, after sailing as far as 29° north, was sent back to report progress. The other two were never again heard of. May not one of these have been the vessel wrecked on Hawaii? The winds would naturally drive her in that direction, and the date of the expedition agrees, so far as can be made out from Hawaiian chronology, with the traditional time of the first appearance of white men on that island. Mr. Jarves believes that the wrecked ship

came from some Mexican port, for when the natives offered to the whites bananas and other tropical fruits, they were familiar with them, which would be the case if they came from Tehuantepec, from whence Cortes fitted out his vessel. It is a remarkable fact that Captain Cook found among the islanders part of a sword-blade and another bit of iron. They were not strangers to this metal, and as no ore exist in their soil, they could have derived their knowledge solely from foreign intercourse. However this may be, the legend affords materials for a fiction with some novelty of design, and serving to illustrate Hawaiian customs and traditions. The book is dedicated to Alexander Liholiho, who now worthily fills the throne of the Hawaiian Islands as King Kamehameha IV., and who, along with his subjects, professes a purer form of Christianity than that which was declared to his royal ancestor by the Spanish Olmedo and his sister Beatrice in the sixteenth century.

For students who wish to obtain a sufficient knowledge of the German language for conversational purposes, M. Selig's manual for self-instruction will be found a useful work, and one of the best substitutes yet offered for *vivat voce* tuition. The phrases and dialogues are well selected and arranged, and the correct pronunciation can be readily understood by the help of the signs and interpretations, to which a key is given at the commencement of the volume. The accentuation and pronunciation are adapted throughout to the English manner of spelling. The author has prepared works of a similar kind for the use of Germans desirous of studying English or French, and they have been widely used. For the present volume there will probably be also a demand, amidst the increasing study of the German tongue by English and Americans.

Philosophus Oper's Journal of what he did and saw across the channel during the era of the Paris Exhibition is a weak and trifling composition. The writer hopes to emulate the style of Albert Smith or the author of "Verdant Green," but the attempts at wit are coarse and clumsy, and in matter as well as manner repulsive. Some of the illustrative sketches are clever, and a glance at them may tempt the hurried surveyor of a railway stall to purchase a work from which he will have little satisfaction, except he may happen to have tastes akin to those of the author.

New Editions.

Pitcairn: the Island, the People, and the Pastor, to which is added an Account of Norfolk Island. By the Rev. T. Boyles Murray, M.A. Seventh Edition. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

The Revolt of Hindostan; or, the New World. A Poem. By Ernest Jones. E. Wilson.

Poems, Original and Translated, by C. Rann Kennedy, Esq.; and Two Poems, by the Rev. Rann Kennedy. New Edition. W. Walker.

The Quadroon; or, Adventures in the Far West. By Capt. Mayne Reid. J. C. Brown and Co.

THE romantic history of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, and of the settlement of some of the mutineers on Pitcairn Island, has long been familiar to readers of maritime disasters and adventures. Since a later period, the story of the Pitcairn islanders has attracted new attention from the appearance of a new growth of civilization, the fruit of religious truth and feeling imparted to the last survivor of the men of the *Bounty*, and by him diffused among the orphan children left with him on the island. Many voyagers have brought remarkable accounts of the prosperous state of the little colony, and of the exemplary social condition of the people. Admiral Beecher's narrative attracted much attention to the subject, and at a more recent period the report of Admiral Moresby gave information that led to important changes. His report was sent home in charge of Mr. Nobbs, who, after an adventurous voyage to Pitcairn, had settled there as teacher and missionary. According to a long-cherished purpose, Mr. Nobbs came to England in 1852, when he was honoured by an interview with the Queen and the Prince Consort, and was ordained by the late Bishop of London as chaplain of Pitcairn's Island. For priest's orders he was

presented to the Bishop by the Rev. Thomas Boyles Murray, the author of this volume, which, in the edition now published, continues the narrative of the colony down to the latest date. Pitcairn Island being found incapable of supporting in comfort the increasing population, an offer was made to the people to migrate to Norfolk Island, the use of which as a convict settlement had lately been abandoned. They have now for two years, or thereabout, been located in their new home, and all accounts agree in testifying that their general character as a people is not deteriorated since Beechey and Moresby reported so highly of them, while their physical comfort has been greatly increased by removal to a larger and more productive region.

Captain Mayne Reid's novel, the *Quadroon*, we spoke of with praise when it appeared, and the three volumes are now reprinted in one cheap railway book, which will reach many new readers. The story is one of striking and sustained interest. In regard to slavery the author is fair and truthful, giving representations of life in Louisiana with less exaggeration and with almost as much graphic power as is shown by Mrs. Stowe in her world-wide tale of Uncle Tom. We thought Captain Mayne Reid was an Englishman, but the republican sentiments occasionally displayed indicate either American origin, or a complete conversion to the institutions and manners of the United States, slavery excepted. At the same time he deprecates the idea of his having written a word on that difficult question which "might add one drop to the bad blood which exists between North and South, or might aid European despots in their deepest wish and desperate hope."

Miscellaneous, Pamphlets, &c.

The Mutiny of the Bengal Army. By One who has Served under Sir Charles Napier. Bosworth and Harrison.

Two Letters on Girls' Schools, and on the Training of Working Women. By Mrs. Austin. Chapman and Hall.

The Care of the Sick: a Course of Practical Lectures. By Richard Barwell, F.R.C.S. Second Edition. Chapman and Hall.

OF the early events of the Indian insurrection an admirer of the late Sir Charles Napier gives a summary, as far as such a narrative could be compiled from the materials in the writer's hands, and which are familiar to all readers of the public journals. The narrative will probably be continued in subsequent parts, and will form a larger volume than the writer imagined when he commenced his work. The portion of the work most distinctive and novel is the introductory chapter, in which the author states his opinions, more bluntly than blandly, about the Indian government, and gives sketches of the characters of the members of Council by whom Lord Canning has been hoodwinked and misled. The author is a follower of Sir Charles Napier in the bold use of his pen, and does not shrink from declaring unpalatable truths.

Mrs. Austin's Letters on Girls' Schools, and on the Training of Working Women, were published in the 'Athenaeum,' and are now reprinted with additional matter. Notices are given of a particular training school at Norwich, but the writer's remarks are applicable to the subject of training schools generally. Every one who has attended to the subject will agree with Mrs. Austin, that the same sum of money goes twice as far in the hands of a French as in those of an English woman. It is impossible to conceive the waste and improvidence which reigns in English households. "The women buy imprudently, cook imprudently, and dress imprudently." Servants are not taught the art of household economy, and the daughters of the labourers are seldom trained to be useful wives to poor, or working men. Mrs. Austin calls attention to some points of training by which the prevailing evils may be diminished. Mrs. Austin's remarks are not confined to the lower classes of labourers only. She shows the waste of resources that keeps families of small incomes in difficulties. "The extraction of the greatest quantity of flavour and nutrient from meat, and the varied, skilful, and salutary mixture of it with farinaceous and other vegetable food, are among the rudiments of the science, and these can never be learned when 'plain

'roast and boiled' are the order of every day." "It is also worthy of remark, that you can hardly reduce the expenditure caused by the wasteful character of English cookery without increasing the variety and improving the quality of the cooking." To encourage training schools for instruction in such common matters would tend to the future comfort and health, as well as economy, of many a family with straitened means.

We are glad to observe that a second edition of Mr. Barwell's lectures on the Care of the Sick has been so soon called for. They were delivered to a class of females at the Working Men's College in Red Lion Square, and their publication will prove of practical use to many readers of the same position in life as those who heard them. Mr. Barwell explains, at the outset, that he deprecates any non-professional interference with the office of the medical adviser, but there must always be much left in the sick room to the intelligence and skill, as well as the kindness and care of friendly attendants or hired nurses. For instruction and advice in all such matters, so far as the study of a book can be of advantage, we recommend this manual. Or if Mr. Barwell would give courses of lectures elsewhere, he would do useful service.

List of New Books.

Ainsworth's (W. H.) *Spendthrift*, 12mo, bds., 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.
Christian Retirement, by T. S. Reade, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
Culverwell's (N.) *Light of Nature*, v. 1, by J. Brown, 8vo, cl., 12s.
Currie's (J.) *Principles of Early and Infant School Education*, 4s.
Expository Outlines of Sermons, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Laneion Parsonage, 2 vols., 12mo, cloth, 12s.
Lau's (Lauren de) *Elementary Instruction*, 2nd ed., post 8vo, 6s.
Mabel Vaughan, 12mo, bds., 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.
Menzies's (W. J.) *Cavendish*, new edition, post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Pain's Uncle Sam, crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Ruff's Guide, *Austrian Supplement*, 1857, 1s. 6d.
Sale's *Koran*, new edition, 8vo, cl.-th., 7s. 6d.
Shirley, by Currie Bell, new edition, 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Squire of Beechwood, 3 vols, post 8vo, cloth, £1 1s. 6d.
Trollope's (Mrs.) *Robertes*, 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d.
Walsh's (J. H.) *Economical Housekeeper*, 12mo, bds., 1s. 6d.
Wayland Gatherings, 8vo, 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Webb's (F. J.) *Gairies*, 12mo, bds., 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

ARTICLES AND COMMUNICATIONS.

KENTISH ANTIQUITIES.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir.—In a circular recently issued by a Committee of the Surrey Archaeological Society I find the following paragraph:—

"The antiquarian riches of Kent are almost inexhaustible, the Roman, Saxon, Norman, and every other era of the past, being represented by relics existing in almost every part. But abundant as is this harvest, the labourers have been almost entirely wanting, otherwise the invaluable Faussett collection of Anglo-Saxon antiquities collected in Kent would never have been permitted to leave that county to become the property of a Liverpool merchant."

The committee who issued the above do not seem to know that this very collection was offered by Dr. Faussett for publication to the then United Institute and Association when in the height of their power at their first meeting at Canterbury (see Preface to the 'Inventorium Sepulchrale'); and that so far from their being able to buy it for the county, we must infer they could not even afford to use the permission given by Dr. Faussett to publish the MSS. This seems obviously the reason, for the Society which now goes under the name of the British Archaeological Association publicly declares itself to be between 2000. and 3000. in debt! The Institute, I believe, though in much better condition, was never in a state to purchase such a collection as the Faussett. As regards the feeling among the nobility and gentry of the county for the antiquities at Heppington, nothing of the kind existed; and it is absurd to suppose any local Society could have propelled them to subscribe such a sum as the Liverpool merchant (Mr. Mayer) so freely put down, to take the collection from a place where it was neither valued or known, and to make it patent to the whole world by printing the entire manuscripts, and engraving the entire collection. The committee, moreover,

do not take into consideration that in the more important archaeological fields in Kent labourers have long since been very active, and much has been done, and well done, without any help from any Society. I may instance the excavations at Lympne and Richborough, and those at Ozengel, at the Breamer Downs, and at other places. I must say, also, that I do not consider the treatment experienced by the Saxon remains in the Canterbury Museum, gives us any reason to conclude that if money could have possibly been found to have located the Faussett collection under its roof, that it would have been arranged or properly shown. I suspect the birds and other animals would have maintained their positions; but at Liverpool the entire collection is well exposed in a spacious room; in short, I only hope that the other valuable collection yet remaining in the county may be as well provided for as the Faussett. The trustees of the British Museum have absolutely opposed the reception of some of our best national antiquities, so that nothing can be hoped for from that quarter. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A SUBSCRIBER AND MAN OF KENT.

Sept. 15.

THE LITERARY FUND.

We have received the Report of the Royal Literary Fund. It is, as usual, prefaced by an Address, containing a very interesting sketch of the progress of the Society since its birth in 1773, when Mr. David Williams, at a literary club of which the President was Dr. Benjamin Franklin, proposed to form an association for the relief of authors in distress. Like every really useful institution, the infant society had to struggle against many obstacles; and it was not till the year 1790 that a committee was formed, officers appointed, a public meeting held, and sufficient funds collected to relieve a few cases. In 1813 a charter of incorporation was obtained by the exertions of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, and from that time the Society has been rapidly increasing in importance and usefulness.

"In its career of unobtrusive usefulness," we quote the words of the Address, "the Royal Literary Fund has devoted to the relief of the unfortunate scholar no less a sum than 47,725.; and 2647 grants have been bestowed upon upwards of 1300 applicants. The Committee confidently believe that an institution diffusing such substantial good, and dispensing its benefits with equal delicacy and promptitude, must carry with it its own recommendation, and plead more powerfully than they can in its own behalf. They feel that it is sufficient to call attention to the fact that it is the only institution in the world by which the intelligent classes can relieve their equals by birth and education—that it ministers consolation to many a wounded spirit in the higher classes of society—to men of genius and character shrinking instinctively from a disclosure of their wants, and upon whom, for this very reason, poverty presses with the heaviest hand." * * * Among those who have been compelled by painful necessity to seek assistance from the Institution are many distinguished men, whose fame is the proudest inheritance of their countrymen, and *the simple mention of whose names would bear startling testimony to the value of the Institution.*"

We have placed these last words in italics, from a wish to draw attention to the fact. Secrecy is an essential element in the charity of the Literary Fund; but we can assure our readers, that the names of some recipients of its bounty, if divulged, would excite feelings of the keenest surprise and satisfaction—surprise, that men so celebrated in the history of our country were driven to the necessity of seeking pecuniary assistance; and satisfaction, to think that there was an institution at hand to relieve them, without outraging their self-respect.

The receipts of the Literary Fund from the interest of stock, rent of real property, subscriptions and donations, reached, in the past year, the sum of 3022. Of this, 4697. have been funded, 1225. have been expended in grants for relief, and a balance of 632. remains in the hands of the Society's bankers. The whole expense of secretary,

collector, house-rent, anniversary meeting, stationery—in short, the whole incidental expenditure, is covered by the sum of 695.

It is urged by some, that all these incidental expenses should be swept away; that the Society should have no local habitation, no paid secretary, no annual dinner, "no nothing." We do not think so. It is all very fine to say that charity ought to be stimulated by higher motives than public dinners, &c. But, in the first place, the public dinner is paid for by special subscriptions. A social meeting, too, tends materially to promote a kindly feeling among literary men towards one another; and, as Mr. Helps observed in his striking speech, this mutual kindly feeling is a peculiarity of which literary men of the present day may be proud. Many persons, also, are induced to become members and contributors, not only by a laudable desire of meeting and listening to men distinguished for their talents, but by what they hear on the occasion. Any one who witnessed the effect of Mr. Helps's speech in unbuttoning breeches-pockets, must feel convinced that distressed authors gain infinitely more by these meetings than is expended on them.

As to the objection to the employment of a paid secretary, it, in our opinion, discloses a lamentable ignorance of human nature in those who make it. Fancy the effect of an amateur secretary! A literary man giving his time and attention to the wants of his brethren out of pure philanthropy! Where is such a person to be had? If there be one thing more necessary to a literary man than another, it is freedom from interruption. How delightful it would be to have an urgent application from a brother author who had been just arrested, or from a widow with half a dozen children and nothing to eat, just as you were in the very agony of disentangling your plot, or making up an article for a periodical to catch the last post! Why, you might as well talk of an amateur Attorney-General as an amateur secretary to the Literary Fund. However philanthropic literary men may be, they must live. Now their time is their means of livelihood, and if you take it you must pay them for it.

Another objection is that the Literary Fund Society pays too much court to great people who are not literary. The simple answer to this is contained in the fact that the Literary Fund is a charity. What it wants is money to relieve literary men in distress, and unfortunately literary men are a living illustration of the proverb that "fine words butter no parsnips." To look for money from literary men, as a general rule, would be like expecting to find figs on thistles. The Literary Fund must go to those who have money, and are willing to give it for the benefit of a class from whom they have received amusement and instruction. A royal duke, or a noble earl, may never have written a line, and yet he may be a very proper person to preside in a Society for alleviating the calamities of literary men. To exclude all but authors from the Society would be like insisting that every one who contributed to the relief of the sufferers from a railway accident should himself have lost a leg or an arm. If the Literary Fund must necessarily be made up of the contributions of none but authors, we suspect that unfortunate literary men would have to seek elsewhere in their hour of need. Our old friend Menenius Agrippa would tell these objectors that a man all brains and no stomach would not probably be very fat.

But the list of subscribers and donors shows that the purely literary element is amply represented in this Society. There is scarcely a name celebrated in literature that is not to be found in it. We are not of those whom the sight of a coronet afflicts with a fit of the spleen. We think none the worse of a man because he is one whom his country delighteth to honour, and we shall rejoice to see the President's marquise in the next Report exchanged for a dukedom, and the name of our great historian with the addition of "a hand" to it.

We strongly recommend such of our readers as are not already subscribers to this excellent charity to obtain a copy of the Report, if it were only for

the sake of reading Mr. Arthur Helps's striking and noble speech, and Mr. Justice Haliburton's humorous paradoxes.

THE PRESUMED DISINTERMENT OF MILTON.

To the *Editor of the Literary Gazette*.

SIR.—Few, perhaps, of the present generation of readers may be aware that on Wednesday, the 4th of August, 1790, a coffin, presumed to be Milton's, was disinterred in the parish church of St. Giles, Cripplegate; and that a 'Narrative' of the transaction was written by Mr. Philip Neve, of Furnival's Inn, and published by T. and J. Egerton, Whitehall, on the 14th of the same month, 1790. A second edition appeared on the 8th following.

A copy of the latter (which is only the first, "new vamped, &c., with the addition of a postscript,") from the libraries of Bindley and Heber, is in my possession. It is very scarce. It has the autograph of George Steevens on the titlepage, and is interleaved throughout, in order to introduce a variety of interesting and curious notes in his handwriting, pointing out the imposture. These notes, which have never been printed, are, for the rare importance of the subject, and their critical acumen, literary relics well worth preserving.

The 'Narrative' states that, it being in contemplation of some persons to bestow a considerable sum of money in erecting a monument in the parish church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, to the memory of Milton ("Credat Judaeus Apella"), says Steevens, "parish meetings have other objects in view, other topics of conversation. Many stories concerning this monument have been circulated, but most of them have proved without foundation. Such a memorial, however, is begun by Bacon, the statuary, and, as it is supposed, by order of Mr. Whitbread, the opulent brewer," certain of the parishioners determined that his coffin should be dug for, that the exact spot of his grave might be ascertained before the said monument was erected. The entry, among the burials, in the register-book, 12th of November, 1674, is "John Milton, Gentleman, consumpon, chancell." Steevens says, "Melton—but altered, in fresher ink than that with which the register was written." The tradition had always been that Milton was buried in the old chancel, under the former clerk's desk; ("It was never heard of," replies Steevens, "till stated on the present occasion;") and William Ascough, parish clerk, and Caleb Quotem of Cripplegate, whose father and grandfather, man and boy, had filled the same offices for ninety years past, and John Poole, watch-spring maker, of Jacob's-passage (a seer of seventy), who had often heard his father talk of Milton's person, as described by the venerable and veritable authorities that had actually seen him, confirmed the statement. It was therefore thought a good opportunity (the church being under repair and a contract entered into, that the roof of the chancel may correspond with that of the rest of the building), to make the proposed search.

Accordingly, Mr. John Cole, of Barbican, silversmith, churchwarden; and Mr. Thomas Strong, solicitor, and vestry-clerk, ordered their officials (Caleb Quotem and Company) to dig from the present chancel, northwards, towards the pillar against which the former pulpit and desk had stood, and over which the Common Councilmen's pew now stands. The result was, that on Tuesday afternoon, August 3rd, a coffin was discovered, and Messieurs Strong and Cole, by the light of a candle, descended into the vault, where it lay directly over a wooden coffin, supposed to be that of Milton's father; tradition having reported that Milton was buried next (Steevens says "near") to his father. "When I inquired," says Steevens (who was present at the second disinterment), "about this circumstance, it appeared to want confirmation. The people present at the first said that the coffin was deposited in a strong cement. This particular is denied by Mr. Strong; nor could I perceive any traces of a substance resembling cement among the rubbish thrown out on the 17th

of August." The 'Narrative' states that in digging through the whole space, from the present chancel, where the ground was opened, to the situation of the former clerk's desk, there was not found any other coffin which could raise a doubt of this being Milton's. To this Steevens replies, "The remains of several others were found there. I saw the handles, &c., of them, as well as two skulls, many bones, &c. Some others had been removed to the bone-house." Messieurs Strong and Cole then ordered water and brush, and began scrubbing the coffin in search of an inscription, but none was found. The coffin is described as being much corroded, five feet ten inches long, and at the broadest part, over the shoulders, one foot four inches wide. "It was not much corroded," says Steevens, "though there was one aperture in it, probably occasioned by the stroke of a spade. When the brick piers, on which the present pews are supported, were built, many of the dead must have been disturbed. But this last circumstance was wholly suppressed by the parishioners, or perhaps was unknown to them. Bold assertion, not curious investigation, distinguishes the antiquaries of St. Giles, Cripplegate!" Messieurs Cole and Strong once thought that by removing the leaden coffin, some plate or inscription might probably be found on the wooden one underneath; but they forbore to disturb it; and, having satisfied their curiosity and ascertained the fact—"How was it satisfied?" asks Steevens. "They did not, however, easily miss what they desired to find!"—they ordered the ground to be finally closed.

A merry-meeting ("Merry-meetings," says Steevens,) are believed to be so conducive to archaeological knowledge, that even the Society of Antiquaries have, once a year, a merry-meeting of their own!) took place on the evening of that day at the house of Fountain, a publican, in Beech-street, Barbican; at which, among others, were present Churchwarden Cole; Laming, a pawnbroker; Taylor, a country surgeon, a friend of Laming; and one Holmes, journeyman to Ascough, the "comical coffin-maker." The discourse having turned upon Milton's coffin, several of the company expressed a desire to see it. Under the influence of pipes, punch, persuasion, and purl, the virtue of the obfuscated churchwarden gave way, and he promised that if the ground was not already closed their curiosity should be satisfied. Accordingly, between eight and nine o'clock on the following morning, Laming and Fountain (the two overseers), and Taylor went to the house of Ascough, which leads into the churchyard ("They avoided," says Steevens, "telling Ascough the object of their visit,") and asked for Holmes. The gaunt demi-giant, low-fronted, and beetle-browed, appeared, led them into the church, and, assisted by his myrmidons, pulled the coffin, which lay deep in the ground, ("About four feet," says Steevens, "when I saw it,") to the edge of the excavation. The overseers asked Holmes if he could open it. Holmes, with his brawny hand and ready mallet and chisel, cut open the top of the coffin slantwise from the head, as low as the breast, so that the top being doubled backward they could see the corpse. He then ripped it up at the foot. The body appeared in a perfect state, and was enveloped in a shroud of many folds, the ribs standing up regularly. When they disturbed the shroud the ribs fell. Here Steevens remarks, "Rather the winding-sheet. Had not this involucrum been torn to pieces by Laming, Fountain, &c., some mark at a corner of it might have exhibited the initial letters of the Christian and surname of the deceased, or some of their family. People were formerly buried in a sheet belonging to their bed, and consequently marked at one of its angles with thread or silk." The publican pulled hard at the teeth, which were "remarkably short below the gum, and very sound and white." They resisted, until some one hit them with a stone, when they fell out! There were but five in the upper jaw. These were purloined by the publican, who presented one to the pawnbroker. The latter took one from the lower jaw, and the surgeon took two. The pawnbroker had once thought

of bringing away the whole under-jaw, teeth, and all! but this "dealer in cast-off duds" tossed it back again. Somebody, however, must have had a fancy for it; for Steevens says, "the whole under-jaw was taken away." He then raised the head, and down fell a quantity of hair, which lay straight and even behind the head. It was wet; some of the water with which the coffin had been washed on the day before having run into it, Steevens here asks, "Why did they bring away only such hair as accorded with the description of Milton's? Of the lighter kind there was scarce any; of the dark a very considerable quantity. But this circumstance would have been concealed, had not a second examination of the coffin taken place." The pawnbroker "poked his stick against the head," and brought some of the hair over the forehead, which the surgeon carried away. He then took out one of the leg bones, but (as he served the under-jaw) threw it back again. "The water," says the 'Narrative,' "had made a sludge at the bottom of the coffin, which emitted a nauseous smell." "Had this," remarks Steevens, "been the coffin of a person buried 116 years in such a dry place, there could have been no smell at all. But query if there really was any! The contents of the coffin had been absolutely deluged." The pawnbroker and the leech having pocketed their sacrilegious plunder, left the church, and the coffin, according to the 'Narrative,' was restored to its original station. "How is this ascertained?" asks Steevens. "Not expecting the coffin would be a second time removed, they put it into an opening they had made, without any exact regard to its original situation." But the desecration of the corpse was not yet complete. Elizabeth Grant, the grave-digger, kept a tinder-box in the excavation, and when any visitors came she struck a light, and exhibited it, first for sixpence, afterwards for threepence, and then for twopence, each person! The workmen also demanded black mail (a pot of porter) for showing to all comers the presumed hallowed remains of the author of 'Paradise Lost.'

The parish officers, according to Steevens, dismissed this ogress "from any future services." The only punishment that they received was universal execration and contempt.

The author of the 'Narrative' states that on Monday the 9th of August he went to Laming's house to request a lock of the hair, when Taylor gave him a portion of what he had reserved for himself. Hearing that one Ellis, a performer at the Royalty Theatre, who had given Elizabeth Grant sixpence for seeing the body, had procured some of the hair, a rib-bone, a fragment of the shroud, and a piece of the skin of the skull (which adhered to the hair) of about the size of a shilling, he paid him a visit of inspection at No. 9, Lamb's-chapel. The rib-bone appeared to be one of the upper ribs; the piece of shroud was of coarse linen, and the hair (that portion which he had washed) was of a light colour, though taken from under the skull. To this Steevens replies, "The shroud is again confounded with the winding sheet. A small piece of the shroud I saw. It was crimped at the edge, like such as are at present in use. This supposed bit of skin is only a bit of paper which had dropped into the coffin while it was open. The wire marks are visible. All the hair under the skull was very dark. Such as was exhibited, &c., by Mr. Laming was of a light colour." The player had tried to reach down as low as the hands of the corpse, but without success. ("The right arm and hand had been taken away before the 17th of August," says Steevens). Being "a very ingenious worker in hair," and anticipating a merry market for Milton's, he lost no time in returning to the church for a fresh supply, but was refused admittance. "By this time," says Steevens, "the overseers, &c., began to reflect a little seriously on their own conduct; for one of them asked Mr. Neve, with seeming apprehension, if any descendants of Milton were alive!" The author of the 'Narrative' was profuse in his purchases; for in addition to his former acquisitions, he gave Hawkesworth (another of Ascough's men) the

liberal price of two shillings for a tooth and a bit of the leaden coffin; and the same sum to one Haslib, a Jewin-street undertaker, for one of the small bones. All the teeth were now gone, though the overseers would have made the public believe that some of them must have fallen among the bones, as they very readily came out after the first were drawn. "Not a word of truth in this supposition," says Steevens. "Do we usually call the knocking out teeth with a stone drawing them? These overseers were but rough dentists."

The author of the 'Narrative' lays particular stress on the parish traditions—the age of the coffin, none other being discovered in the ground which can at all contest with it, or render it suspicious—"the remains," says Stevens, "of several wooden coffins were found near it, and one leaden one," Poole's tradition that Milton was thin, with long hair, and the entry in the register-book that he died of a consumption. "He died," remarks Steevens, "consumed by the co-operation of age and gout. The entry was probably made by the undertaker, who knew nothing more than that he was dead." Immediately over the common-councilmen's pew is an ancient monument to the family of Smith, under which four of them are buried. The author of the 'Narrative' supposes it to have been put there, because the flat pillar, after the pulpit was removed, offered a convenient situation for it, and "near this place" to be open, as it is in almost every case where it appears, to a very liberal interpretation. "We are certain," says Steevens, "that the monument was there before the pulpit was removed in the repair of the church in 1682. They projected different ways from the top of the same pillar, without the slightest interference with each other." If, argues the narrator, the coffin in question belong to a Smith, all the coffins of that family should appear, but not one of them is found. "Some of these coffins," replies Steevens, "had been wooden ones, nor was half the circuit round the pillar on which the monument stands examined. Upon a further search the remains of many of them were found. Had our great poet been interred near the sepulchre of the Smiths, Richard Smith (who is so circumstantial in his account of family burials) would not have failed to record so particular an event. The proximity of his dead relatives to the corpse of Milton was a circumstance on which an antiquary of congenial politics would have extatiated."

Holmes affirms that a leaden coffin, when the inner wooden case is perished, must, from pressure and its own weight, shrink in breadth. But Steevens declares "that the sides and ends of the wooden coffin were still in their places, though the top had been forced in. No contraction of the lead, therefore, could have happened. This Holmes," continues Steevens, "though no reputed conjurer, is a very convenient evidence. He is ignorant of nothing which others wish to know. But all this was urged to apologise for the seeming narrowness of the coffin and the corpse over the shoulders. Will any one believe that the breadth of Milton's body, in its broadest part, was only 13 or 14 inches?" "There is evidence," says the 'Narrative,' "that the coffin was incurvated both on the top and at the sides at the time it was discovered." "It was not incurvated on the sides when I saw it on the 17th of August," replies Steevens, "or very little indeed."

The 'Narrative' refers to Faithorne's rare and beautiful print of Milton, taken *ad vivum* in 1670. "Observe," it says, "the short locks growing towards the forehead, and the long ones flowing from the same place down the sides of the face. The hair which Mr. Taylor took was from the forehead, and all taken at one grasp. One lock measured six inches and a half, and another only two inches and a half." "All the hair," remarks Steevens, "except such as had grown after the corpse was buried, was of the deepest brown—the very reverse of Milton's." And as to the length, he adds, "Much of Milton's hair must have been sixteen and twenty inches long. See his portrait, drawn but a few years before his death, and re-engraved by Virtue in his set of Poets. Wood

says Milton had light brown hair. How does this accord with the colour of that which was found in the coffin? "In the age of Charles II.," says the 'Narrative,' "how few, besides Milton, wore their own hair." "Many thousands," replies Steevens, "who could not afford wigs. Nor were they then universally worn by such as could afford them. Dryden, Quarles, Withers, &c., wore their own hair."

In order to account for no inscription-plate being found on the coffin, Goodman Holmes—who, like "little Moses" in the play, exclaims, "I'll shew it!" and then asks "vat" he "ish" to swear to?—Goodman Holmes deposes to this extraordinary fact, that at the time Milton was buried, inscription-plates were not in use; that the practice then was to paint the inscription on the outside of the wooden coffin, which in this case was entirely perished. "No such custom ever prevailed," says Steevens, "not even in the case of the poor who are buried by the parish, and consequently in a single coffin. There never has been any outward coffin, except the leaden one. Three coffins were not then in use."

"Of the teeth," says Steevens, "more than one hundred are said to have been sold. For a week after the corpse was discovered, they rattled in the pocket of many a staunch antiquary. I have not the smallest doubt but all the bones, &c., that were missing when I saw the contents of the coffin, had been converted into merchandise, and will at some future period be resold as the genuine spoils of Milton." And of the hair he adds, "The quantity taken by Laming and Ellis, by all accounts, amounted to about as much as would have scantily filled a couple of lockets, or half a dozen rings."

A report having gone abroad (originating, it is suspected, with the parish officers, who were desirous of hushing up their disgraceful doings) that the corpse, after all, was that of a woman, a second examination, under the direction of Mr. Strong, took place on Tuesday, the 17th of August, and a neighbouring surgeon (Mr. Dyson, of Fore-street) was called in to give his opinion. The corpse was found shamefully mutilated. "All the ribs, I think," says Steevens, "and the right hand, as well as the lower jaw, were gone; the only lock of light hair that remained on the forehead was not thicker than a packthread (it is in my possession), and the hair on the back of the head was of dark brown, nearly approaching to black, as was proved by Mr. Reed, Mr. Steevens, Mr. Cole, Mrs. Hoppey (Sexton) and half a dozen other people who were on the spot, and who received part of it. It was, however, a very mortifying acquisition to those who had received the lighter hair for that of Milton." Mr. Dyson, "being cross-examined," says Steevens, "refused to pronounce absolutely on the sex of the deceased; he allowed that there was no specific difference between a male and a female skull, except occasionally, in respect to size and density, and that the condition of the pelvis was such as would not authorize any decisive opinion. He thought, in short, it was the corpse of a man; but admitted it might be that of a woman. In reference to the shape of the head, his words were: 'Take notice, Sir, that what there is of forehead, is prominent.' He was willing to have taken away the skull, but was dissuaded from it. He carried off two of the finger-bones. His opinions on the 17th of August were delivered with great modesty, diffidence, and candour."

"A man also," says the 'Narrative,' "who has for many years acted as grave-digger in that parish ('quite a young man, a consummate blackguard, and only an occasional assistant,' replies Steevens), who was present on the 17th, decided that the skull was that of a male; and with as little hesitation he pronounced another which had been thrown up to be that of a woman." "No such opinion," rejoins Steevens, "was delivered by him. If it had, I must have heard it. No woman's skull was pointed out as such by any person present. Two others had been thrown out; each of them almost twice as large as that of the pretended Milton. They were repeatedly compared with it."

"I am perfectly convinced," says Steevens, "that these worthies, among themselves, still suppose the corpse they disturbed to be that of the author of 'Paradise Lost.' 'Ah, Sir' (said Mr. Cole to me, with a sigh), 'though you came last, you are possessed of the best lock of the light hair. And this happened after they have affected to believe it was the hair of Milton. And after the black hair had discomposed his original hypothesis, he very gravely assured me that a skilful hair-merchant had told him these locks were not the produce of the human head, but were absolute mohair. On my replying that true mohair was white, he had no more to say, than that Milton, 'being an odd man, might have ordered his funeral pillow to be stuffed with some sort of hair or other.'

After this second examination had taken place, the coffin was carefully soldered up, and restored to its former grave.

It is a great consolation to have the indisputable authority of Steevens, who seems to have gone into the question *con amore*, that this mutilated corpse was not Milton's. "The hair, the teeth, the bones, &c.," he says, "afford a sufficient presumption that this was not the skeleton of a man. The corpse was never supposed to be that of Elizabeth Smith, but of one of her daughters who was buried in the same spot. For some account of the Smith family, see Peck's 'Desiderata Curiosa,' Stowe, &c. I avow that the statement of Mr. Dyson's evidence, in the 'Narrative,' is partial in the extreme. Mr. Neve was repeatedly informed of the result of his cross-examination, and yet has forbore the slightest mention of it. His pamphlet is wholly founded on hear-say evidence. He was not witness to any one of the facts which he has related."

It seems that the Narrator had some compunctions visiting; for he says, "I have procured those relics which I possess only in the hope of bearing part in a pious and honourable restitution of all that has been taken." "This," replies Steevens, "was an afterthought. In Mr. Neve's first draught of the pamphlet he has made himself *particeps criminis*. Mr. Malone suggested this very necessary supplement." It has not transpired whether this "pious and honourable restitution" was ever carried into effect.

Let us hope that the remains of Milton still sleep in their sepulchre, unprofaned by morbid curiosity and brutal violence. It is shocking to see even the common dead rudely torn from their last resting-places; but that a corpse so supremely precious, so intensely sacred as Milton's, should suffer indignity, would be a national reproach and a disgrace—an insult offered to that high intelligence which transfigures human nature, and makes man "in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" Shakespeare has pronounced an awful, an undying curse upon the violator of his tomb, and invoked a blessing upon him who spares it. This may have alarmed the superstitious fears, and arrested the sacrilegious hands of many parish officials, who, as Bacon said of corporations, have "no souls." *Transact is exemplum.*

Canterbury, 12th Sept. 1857.

GEORGE DANIEL.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

WHILE Dr. Livingstone is planning his new African campaign, tidings are arriving from other parts of the vast continent. The expedition under Dr. Baikie, R.N., left the Brass river for the Niger on the 10th July, all well. In Dr. Baikie's expedition, besides fifty Kroomen, and twenty-five natives of the countries bordering on the Niger and Tsadda, there are fourteen Europeans, including Dr. Baikie, Lieut. Glover, Mr. May, and Dr. Davis, of the Royal Navy, a naturalist and botanist from Kew Gardens, Captain Grant, and the engineers of the ship, in the employment of Mr. Macgregor Laird, of Liverpool, the contractor. Mr. Laird's experience in fitting vessels for this special service has enabled him to provide every arrangement for the health and comfort of the expedition. Trading

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posts are to be established at eligible sites on the river, and every encouragement given to the natives to increase their commercial intercourse with each other and with European traders. From another region of Africa we are happy to hear that doubts exist as to the truth of the reported death of Dr. Vogel. An official despatch received at the Foreign Office from H.M. Consul at Tripoli, states that a courier sent to inquire about his fate brought back a letter from the Sheikh of Borgu, announcing that Dr. Vogel had been invited to visit the Sultan of Wadai, at his capital, Wara. He would probably be detained there, after which he would advance towards Darfur. Couriers have been sent to Wadai to ascertain the truth of the report. The death of poor Corporal Maguire of the Engineers is confirmed. Let us still hope that Dr. Vogel may be safe.

Among the calamities of the Indian insurrection no loss has caused greater regret than that of the gallant and good Sir Henry Lawrence. As a soldier he gained the highest honours in the second Afghan and the first Sikh wars. His ability as a ruler was not less distinguished. As President of the Board of Administration in the Punjab, and as Chief Commissioner of Oude, he did all that could be done to bring these newly-annexed regions into tranquil subjection to the British rule. He had previously, as resident at Katmandoo, the capital of Nepaul, and at Lahore, as Governor-General's agent for the north-west provinces, displayed great administrative tact and firmness. His active, unwearyed, unostentatious benevolence in private life, was as remarkable as his gallantry and usefulness in the public service. The asylum at Kussowie for the orphan children of European soldiers was founded and mainly supported by his liberality. The mission schools at Mount Aboo also had him as their chief patron, and many other charitable institutions were largely indebted to his generous aid, in order to afford which, as well as from his true soldierly habits, he practised a self-denying austerity too rare among the officers of the Bengal army. The general estimate in which he was held is eloquently expressed in the following extract of a letter from Dr. Duff, the head of the Scottish Missionary College at Calcutta. "In his character were singularly blended the heroic chivalry of the old Greek and the inflexible sternness of the old Roman, in happy combination with the tenderness of a patriarch and the benevolence of the Christian philanthropist. In him the native army, through whose murderous treachery he prematurely fell, has lost its greatest benefactor; while the girls' and boys' schools, founded by his munificence on the heights of the Himalaya, of Mount Aboo, and of the Neilgiris, must testify through coming ages to the depth and liveliness of his interest in the welfare of the British soldier's family in this burning foreign clime. I mourn over him as a personal friend—one whose friendship resembled more what we sometimes meet with in romance rather than in actual everyday life. I mourn over him as one of the truest, sincerest, and most liberal supporters of our Calcutta mission. I mourn over him as the heaviest loss which British India could possibly sustain in the very midst of the most terrible crisis of her history."

Henry Montgomery Lawrence was the third son of the Colonel Lawrence of the Madras army who gained a distinguished name in the wars with Tippoo Sahib. He was born at Ceylon in 1806. He obtained his commission in the Bengal artillery in 1823. His services both in a military and civil capacity will occupy a worthy place in Anglo-Indian history. It was as a civilian that he obtained his K.C.B. The literary attainments of Sir Henry Lawrence were of no mean order. His papers and despatches were always marked by clearness and vigour. He wrote some articles on the affairs of the Punjab in the 'Calcutta Review,' which attracted at the time much attention. The only separate work which he published was a military romance, founded on what he had witnessed and heard in the Sikh territory—'The Adventures of an Officer in the Service of Runjeet Singh.' The work originally was written in the form of a series

of articles in 'The Delhi Gazette,' under the title of 'Adventures in the Punjab.'

The Red River Settlement, the history of which, under the rule of the Earl of Selkirk and the Hudson's Bay Company, was marked by strange vicissitudes, is beginning to assume a new importance. An exploring expedition, under the auspices of the British Government, has been sent to that region of North America. It is under Mr. Palliser, as commander, with Dr. Hector as geologist, naturalist, and surgeon; Lieutenant Blackstone, for magnetic and other scientific observations; and a botanist from Kew Gardens. Besides surveying the district, and examining its capabilities for colonizing or for commercial purposes, the expedition is charged with discovering the best route through the Rocky Mountains as a means of communication between Vancouver's Island and Canada. A detachment of British troops, including a company of the Royal Engineers, has been despatched to that part of British North America. It may be two years or more before the report of the expedition can be presented. Meanwhile the Americans, with characteristic promptness, are preparing to take advantage of the occasion. A railroad is in active progress towards the Saskatchewan, and if the British Government does not act with vigour, the influx of American squatters and traders may yet be the cause of trouble. We hope to hear favourable accounts of the progress of Mr. Palliser's expedition. At the meeting of the Geographical Society on January 12th of this year, the whole subject of the Hudson's Bay territory and of the various passes through the Rocky Mountains was fully discussed, when Mr. Palliser was present, and took part in the conversation. Mr. Banister, whose paper on the proposed communication from Vancouver's Island to Hudson's Bay gave rise to the discussion, expressed strongly his opinion that a good route could be found on the British side of the boundary line. Colonel Lefroy doubted whether a railway was practicable, and Sir Roderick Murchison, in summing up, said that the settlement of this question, and other results of the exploration, were of the utmost importance both to statesmen and geographers. Little has been done in the exploration of these regions since the days of Mackenzie.

Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. A. Smith, the honorary secretaries of the Jerrold Fund, in announcing the close of the beneficiary performances, state that "the audited accounts show a clear profit of £2000., after the payment of all expenses. This sum is to be expended in the purchase, through trustees, of a Government annuity for Mrs. Jerrold and her unmarried daughter, with remainder to the survivor."

Another of the old 'Heads' at Oxford has been removed, the venerable Henry Foulkes, D.D., Principal of Jesus College, having died on Thursday, at the ripe age of 84. He had filled his post for forty years, having succeeded Dr. Hughes in 1817, the same year obtaining his degree of D.D. His M.A. degree he took in 1797. Dr. Foulkes has long been inert as to university affairs, nor was he ever conspicuous in academical or literary annals. But every change in the governing circles of the universities we now note with attention, in hope of fresh vigour being infused into the aged institutions, so as to keep up their education to the requirements of the time.

We hear of the death of the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, an American writer of some distinction. Mr. or rather Dr. Griswold was born in 1816, in the State of Vermont, and was, we believe, pastor of a church at the time of his death. His original writings were not important, but he rendered a considerable service to American literature by his well-known compilations, 'The Prosse Writers of America,' 'The Female Poets of America,' and others of a similar character. Much that would not readily be found elsewhere occurs in these publications, and the accompanying criticisms, if not remarkable for brilliancy, are usually sound and sensible.

The monks of Eton must give way in the matter of the public school cricket matches. However

laudable their anxiety for the moral welfare of the youth under their charge, it is evident that in this case it is a zeal without knowledge. The masters are not answerable for the behaviour of the boys during the holidays, and at periods when they are under the control of parents and guardians. The boys may then be exposed, for anything they know, to the evil influences of London or Paris, or any other great city. The two or three days passed in town during the cricket matches at Lord's need not be singled out as a time of corruption and deterioration. To profess loud anxiety about their moral health for these few days, while silent about the necessary results of longer liberty, is really straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. This is the common sense view of the question, as far as it bears on a needless check upon the conduct of those who, after the lapse of a very short time, will have the amplest opportunities of following their inclinations, or carrying out the principles formed during boyhood. But there is another aspect of the case. Hitherto the manly sports and exercises of the playground have gone far to establish and perpetuate the national character. Wellington's remark once in his old age, on seeing the Eton boys at their sports, is often quoted, that it was in the play-ground the English boys were trained to be rulers of the world. The tendency of our modern education, with its competitive examinations, and unnatural forcing of the intellect, and repression of the juvenile spirit, is to deteriorate the physical quality of the race. In our town schools this is seen, and in America the results are painfully evident. In Miss Beecher's 'Letters to the People on Health and Happiness,' it is stated that the health of the Americans is deteriorating at a fearful ratio, and that the race is becoming puny, sickly, and deformed. Consumption is fearfully prevalent. Of women born within this century, not two in ten have the vigour and health of their maternal ancestors, and half are invalids or delicate. It is rare to see a healthy, well-conditioned American woman. About one-half of the children at the public schools are shallow, sickly, and stunted. Bad air from stoves, imperfect ventilation, long confinement, improper food, and other causes, may help the deterioration, but we are certain that a large share of the evil is due to the unnatural forcing of the intellect of youth, and the discouragement of the health-bringing and manly sports of the older times. Long may our public schools train successive generations in the vigour and manliness which distinguish Englishmen in all parts of the world. Compare an English playground with that of a French, or American, or any other school, and there is no fear for the national superiority being lost. Whatever perpetuates or extends the traditions of English school life is deserving of approval, and therefore, since the moral risks are chimerical, the opposition to the cricket tournaments in the metropolis had better be abandoned.

If we may believe the American journals, the Mormons who have given the world a new religion have likewise favoured it with a new alphabet. Types of strange form, it is asserted, have been cast for the purpose of printing the Deseret official journal, the sacred contents of which will thus be henceforth inaccessible to the profane curiosity of Gentiles. The number of the new characters is 41, and they are said to bear a remarkable resemblance to the Ethiopic.

A treaty for the mutual protection of literary and artistic property has just been concluded between France and the Grand Duchy of Baden. In all its essential provisions, it is similar to the numerous treaties of that kind that have been entered into of late years between different countries. The Madrid papers say that a similar treaty has just been signed between Spain and Great Britain.

The Paris papers announce that M. MacCarthy, a young member of the Geographical Society, has left France to undertake, entirely unaccompanied, a journey into Central Africa. He proposes going to Timbuctoo by a route not yet attempted.

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The printing offices of the official 'Moniteur,' in Paris, were burned down on Monday last, and in them were destroyed, not only all the printing type, but all the archives, a vast number of manuscripts on different subjects and by different authors, and a considerable number of collections of the journal. The great historical and political interest which attaches to the 'Moniteur,' and which is greater than that of any other newspaper in Europe, justifies a record of the disaster in a literary journal. The amount of the damage done is about 12,000£, but the collections and the archives possessed a value which cannot be estimated in money.

Herr von Tschudi, the celebrated traveller and naturalist, two of whose works appeared in translations in Murray's Series, is about to commence a scientific journey in Rio de Janeiro, and will sail from Hamburg for Rio at the end of September. He intends to take the hitherto unexplored route between the rivers La Plata and Amazon.

Professor Burmeister has got a further leave of absence for two years, to complete his journey in Buenos Ayres, which he has hitherto successfully made through the Pampas to Mendoza. His MS. journals have been forwarded to the publishing house of Reimer, in Berlin, and will shortly appear in print.

The first half of the fifth volume of the 'Archivo Storico Italiano' has just appeared. The first series, which, under the direction of the Tuscan Government, was begun in 1842, and contained twenty-five volumes, was most ably edited and published by Viesseux. The second series, of which forty volumes have already appeared, is under the direction of Boniani, Guasti, Passarini, and Milanesi, names which, to those conversant with the learned men of modern Italy, are a sufficient guarantee both for the conscientious fulfilment of their duties, and for their valuable contributions of historical and archeological lore. The Florentine archives, which have lately been investigated, arranged, and catalogued, contain an almost inexhaustible fountain of historical wealth, and there can be no doubt that a selection from these treasures, given in the present publication, will be of great general interest. Half of the fifth volume appears for the first time in two parts, the one giving a continuation of works previously commenced in the earlier volumes, whilst the other begins the 'Giornale Storico degli archivi Toscani.' There is much most interesting and instructive matter respecting the Italian colonists who peopled the shores of the Black Sea in the middle ages, and also biographical notices of the archeologists, Sarti, Campanari, Braun, Orioli, and Canina, who have died at Rome within the last two or three years. There is also a very valuable paper on the Guelph party and its influence in 1335.

French literature has just, we are sorry to say, been stained with some sad scandals. The author of a volume of poetry, entitled 'Les Fleurs du Mai,' which has obtained considerable success, and which is not devoid of poetical merit, has been tried by the Tribunal of Correctional Police, on the charge of having, in one or two of his poems, drawn such pictures of life, as "to outrage public morality and good manners;" and, being convicted, has been fined in the sum of 12*l.* Another gentleman, author of a novel called 'Madame Bovary,' a picture of provincial life, was lately tried by the same court on a similar charge; but though it was admitted that many passages in his work were of an immoral tendency, he was acquitted with a simple censure. Another writer who has gained great notoriety has just been sentenced by the Tribunal to various periods of imprisonment, and to fines exceeding 1000*l.* for having wantonly and grossly libelled several of the political, literary, and financial celebrities of the day. These three circumstances are regarded as a proof that French literature has lately taken an extremely vicious direction; and when it is remembered that the lighter portion of that literature has always, in English eyes, been the reverse of moral, it is impossible not to feel pain at the fact, and not to admit that there is some truth in the complaint which eminent men, like the Count de Monta-

lembert, make, that France has fallen into a sort of moral and intellectual decadence.

The funds subscribed towards the building of the Cologne cathedral, from the 1st of January in this year to the end of July, already amount to thirty-two thousand three hundred and thirty-six thalers. Amongst those who have contributed to the patriotic work are to be found the names of many Jews, one of whom alone, Herr Simon, annually sends two hundred and fifty thalers.

Herr Johannowirss is translating from the Hungarian into the Serbian, ‘Aranjo,’ a poem, by Toldi.

Professor Wigele has received a commission from the King of Bavaria to write a history of the Franks.

FINE ARTS.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

1831. *Watteau Painting.* This scene was intended, it appears, to illustrate the rules of Du Fresnoy, and to show that the purest possible white and black may be brought with good effect into immediate contact with each other. It is mainly a study of colour.

1831. *Lord Percy under Attainder*, 1606. Nothing is given to show why this unusual style of subject was adopted by Turner in this instance. The figures are those of Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, and Dorothy Percy, visiting their father, when under attainder on suspicion of being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot. It was perhaps merely devised as a companion to the preceding, which it somewhat resembles in the manner of treatment.

143. *Shade and Darkness—The Evening of the Deluge.* This and the following subject illustrate the peculiarities of Turner's late manner more forcibly, perhaps, than any others in the collection. This example, which at first sight seems only an ingeniously arranged mass of colour, upon close inspection is found to be full of subject, of the most varied and fertile kind. In the remote distance is the ark, and on the right is the procession of animals—amongst them the tiger with yawning throat, the rhinoceros, and others, of cervine and bovine race, difficult to specify, may be traced. In the front an ox and horse are wading a stream, and a bitch, with her offspring, is chained to some broken woodwork. The left is more difficult to decipher. It appears to be a bower, lighted by a lamp at the foot, illustrative of the passage in the poem—"But disobedience slept." In the air and on the water flights of birds and broods of fowl are seen in the wildest disorder. Above, the moon "puts forth her signs of woe unheeded." Although this picture is on the very verge of the intelligible, the peculiarities of the treatment are very striking and original, and the arrangement of colour even beautiful.

1843. *Light and Colour—The Morning of the Deluge.* The companion picture, less distinct in subject even than the foregoing, but more brilliant in colour. Our only guide to the meaning is in the words of the extract from 'The Fallacies of Hope,' which speaks of the sun exhaling the moisture of the earth, and reflecting in these vapours the lost forms of creation in varying and prismatic hues.

1847. *Tapping the Furnace.* Another of the later pictures intended merely as an experimental study of light. The central glow of flame and heat in this work is not surpassed by anything in the collection, though matched perhaps by the *Fire at Sea*. But here the painter has the advantage of a mass of shade of the deepest gloom by way of contrast, in which huge toothed wheels and mighty engines are obscurely seen, with a few figures—some glorified into angelic forms by the blinding white and red light, others peacefully seated in shadow. In front is a mass of kitchen stuff and utensils, in the manner of the still-life painters of Holland.

In a small apartment on the right are assembled the following nine pictures:—

Circ. 1809. St. Mawes, Falmouth Harbour, Cornwall. This work is of the same date as those

exquisite specimens of English pastoral beauty which have been already noticed, the *Greenwich*, *Abingdon*, and *Windsor Castle*. Particular care seems to have been bestowed by the painter upon his figures at this period, which are far less coarsely and hastily treated than in many subsequent examples. The scene is full of interest, and is treated in an artistic, if not in a strikingly original manner; the standing attitude of most of the figures, and the prevalence of upright lines in the composition, producing an effect of regularity, along with bustling commercial activity, amongst the various groups.

The dark bituminous shadows are also a noticeable feature of this picture, as in the foreground of the *Greenwich* and others. The absence of this peculiarity adds to the delicate beauty of the *Abingdon* and *Windsor Castle*. In the background of this view of St. Mawes may be seen the remains of Pendennis Castle.

Circ. 1813. Kingston Bank—The Thames. A picture full of the simplest ideas, but treated with a marvellous realization of rural tastes and feelings. A few figures of peasants resting and conversing on the bank of the Thames are all that make up the subject. Yet this simple scene has been treated with the hand of a master. The scale is large, the drawing bold, and the workmanship of the firmest character throughout. As yet there was no tendency to experimentalize with pigments and vehicles, and the colouring of this work retains all its original brilliancy.

1813. *A Frosty Morning—Sunrise.* In this work, which is of the same general style and character as the last, Turner reaches the climax of his art as a pure landscape painter. He may attain grander effects, or give reins to a more aspiring imagination in many other instances, but he never is so great, whilst still within the confines of simple truth and nature, as in this unsurpassable landscape. The double vista opening to the spectator on the right and left, the charming figures, particularly that of the child folding round her neck the warm body of the rabbit that has just been shot, (how much does this simple incident tell us!) the admirable imitation of hoar frost, the cattle, the weeds, and the pure and lovely sky overhead, are only a few main items that contribute to a beautiful result. The single tree stem springing up with such consummate grace against the cold sky will be remembered by the readers of 'Modern Painters.' This is the instance which Mr. Ruskin somewhere figures and comments upon in injurious contrast to Claude's tree-stems, and he certainly could not have selected a more elegant example. Other painters may have produced more brilliant effects of morning light, as Cuyp and Wouvermans, but no painter has ever approached, in tone, nearer to the truth of English scenery than Turner in this masterly performance.

Letters from Rome state that the statue of the Immaculate Virgin which was a few weeks ago erected in the Piazza del Popolo, has so sunk on one side, that it has to be supported by wooden props and by wedges driven under it.

M. Louis Garney, a marine painter, has just died at Paris at an advanced age. In his youth he was in the navy, and was on board ships which sustained combats against the English. He some time ago wrote one or two nautical novels, in which he gave accounts of astounding victories obtained by the French over the English, in spite of tremendous odds.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

AN official statement has appeared of the results of the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. The net profits were 9000/., of which one-ninth goes to the Sacred Harmonic Society, six-ninths to the Crystal Palace Company, and two-ninths, or 2000/., is allotted to a guarantee fund for the projected festival of 1859, for which this year's performances are now to be considered merely as preliminary. The gross receipts of the festival amounted to

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23,360^{l.}, of which 11,000^{l.} were taken on the last day, the oratorio being *Israel in Egypt*. Some have ascribed this to improved taste and higher appreciation of a work formerly less popular; but the plain truth is, that many who could only afford to be present at one performance chose that which it was thought would be most effective in the huge area of the centre transept. The choruses of the *Israel in Egypt* were certainly heard to advantage, while parts of the other oratorios were dumb show to many spectators. Some better acoustic arrangements will be necessary for 1859. It is noted as a harmonious coincidence that the centenary date of Handel's death is the fiftieth anniversary of that of Haydn, and also the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Mendelssohn. The commemoration medal of the 1857 Festival is a neat and well executed work. On one side the legend is—Crystal Palace, Handel Festival, Year 1857, and the reverse bears a bust of Handel, executed by Pinches, after the statue of Roubiliac. Round the rim of each medal is the name of the performer who assisted on the occasion.

The Norwich Festival has presented some variation from the routine of these great musical gatherings which in our time have become so frequent. Although the performances all took place in St. Andrew's Hall, and none in the cathedral, due proportion was given to sacred music. The new bishop

of the diocese, from conscientious principle, withheld his sanction from the festival, disbelieving the plea of devotional feeling in such entertainments. Neither this example, however, nor the sad gloom in many circles on account of the Indian disasters, prevented the concourse of an unusual number to the festival, more than six thousand seats having been secured for the six concerts. Among the sacred pieces were Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, Mozart's *Requiem*, Spohr's Hymn, 'God, Thou art Great'—the three last-named being performed on Wednesday morning, when the hall was densely crowded. Madame Clara Novello, Mlle. Leonhardi, Madame Weiss, Mrs. Lockey, and Belletti, Gardoni, and Lockey, had the chief solo parts in the several works. In the operatic selections at the evening concerts Mdlle. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini made their first appearance at Norwich. The programmes of the secular music included many of the familiar pieces which have been popular during the last London season at Her Majesty's Theatre. Howard Glover's Cantata, *Tam o' Shanter*, the words from the poem of Burns, was well received by the audience, to most of whom it was quite a novel composition. The performance of Haydn's *Seasons* is spoken of with the greatest satisfaction and delight by all who were present. The choruses were admirably given, and the orchestral accompaniments well played throughout, while the chief vocal pieces were sung in their best style by Madame Novello, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, and Mr. Lockey. Yesterday morning was to be devoted to Handel's *Messiah*, and the evening to a fancy dress ball. We are not surprised at the worthy bishop's absence from the scene of incongruities like these. He liberally presented 50^{l.}, however, for the benefit of the city and county charities.

Mrs. Sinclair has this week made a great advance in public favour by her representation of *Lady Teazle*, in the *School for Scandal*, at the Haymarket, a part for which she is better qualified than Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*. We omitted to mention last week that Mrs. Sinclair is the daughter of the late distinguished tenor singer, Mr. Sinclair. She was the wife of Forrest, the American tragedian, and the proceedings in the courts of the United States in connexion with her divorce attracted much interest at the time, since which she has resumed her family name.

Mr. T. P. Cooke has this week been appearing at the Adelphi in another of the favourite characters of his earlier days, *Long Tom Coffin*, in the *Pilot*. Thirty years ago this nautical drama of Mr. Fitzball was popular, but it is a miserable piece compared with Douglas Jerrold's *Black-Eyed Susan*. In the first place Cooper's tale is unfairly travestied, the chief characters and inci-

dents being transferred from the American to the British navy. The plot is uninteresting, the language feeble, and the tone of the play, inasmuch as it attempts to ridicule the Americans and to cherish national animosities, is repulsive to every generous mind. Of course there are redeeming points, and the character of *Long Tom Coffin* affords opportunities for displaying some of the noble characteristics of the British tar. Mr. Cooke makes the most of these, and crowds will still be attracted to witness the performances of the veteran actor, including two songs and a hornpipe. But in spite of his exertions the piece is received with very little demonstration of feeling from the audience. The whole affair is flat, and in bad taste. Mr. Wright's caricature of the Yankee Militia Captain is quite out of his line, and his attempts to imitate the nasal dialect are not successful. The pertness of *Kate Plowden* and the tameness of *Cecilia*, help to spoil the effect; and one good piece of acting, besides that of Mr. Cooke, is by Mr. Selby, as the *Pilot*, in the scene between the long-separated brothers. The storm at sea, and the tossing of the *Ariel*, were wonderful stage effects before the days of Queen Victoria, but these mechanical contrivances of the drama have become familiar sights in our time. After Mr. Cooke's retirement we hope to hear no more of the *Pilot*.

An opera season of three months is to be commenced at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday, under the management of Mr. Harrison and Miss Louisa Pyne. Madame Caradori, Miss Pyne, Messrs. Augustus and Hamilton Graham, and Mr. Weiss, are among the artists engaged. The orchestra, selected from the Royal Italian Opera, Jullien's Band, and the Orchestral Union, will be led by Mr. Alfred Mellon.

Mr. Distin, senior, who has long occupied an honourable place among the foreign musicians naturalized in this country, gives a farewell concert to-day at the Crystal Palace, previous to his retirement from professional exertions in public. The programme is one of much extent and variety, and many eminent performers, vocal and instrumental, will appear, including Madame Clara Novello, one of the few singers who are heard to advantage in an area like that of the central transept of the Crystal Palace. We hope that the attendance will be such as Mr. Distin's long services and worthy character merit.

A translation of *King Lear* has been produced at the Théâtre du Cirque, at Paris; and it has failed wretchedly. To bring out such a play at such a house was nothing less than a scandalous profanation—for the theatre, in an intellectual point of view, is one of the lowest, even of the Boulevard du Crime; it stands, in fact, on the same level as Astley's, and, like it, gives performances in which quadrupeds play the leading part. The Odéon Theatre in the same city has re-opened for the season, with a translation of one of Schiller's plays, *Louisa Miller*. The original is in prose, but the translator has taken the pains to turn it into French verse.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Section A.

'REPORT on Luminous Meteoric Phenomena,' by the Rev. Prof. Powell.—In submitting my Tenth Report of observations on luminous meteors, I could have hoped that it might have contained some attempt at least towards the classification and generalization of the vast mass of results which have now been accumulated. But while the actual contribution of fresh observations for the year which has elapsed since my last communication is not very extensive, I am also constrained to admit that I have as yet attempted very little towards the greater object in view. In the present communication, nevertheless, besides the mere detail of observations, I am able to include notices of one or two important speculations on the subject which have been pursued by

some eminent men who have turned their attention to this inquiry, and have followed out some generalizations on certain points connected with it, which seem eminently valuable towards the gradual establishment of a solid theory of meteoric phenomena. I. Some generalizations respecting the causes of meteoric phenomena, especially the averages of their horary variation in numbers through the night, have been advanced by Mr. G. C. Bompas, founded on the observations of MM. Coulvier-Gravier and Boguslawski. The general result of those observations is, that the number of meteors varies through the successive hours from 6 P.M. to 6 A.M., by a regular increase up to the last-named hour. The number which appear in the East is more than double the number originating in the West, those from North and South nearly equal. In other words, nearly two-thirds of the whole number originate in the eastern hemisphere of the sky. From the observations of Boguslawski and others, it appears that the average velocity of meteors is about double that of the earth in its orbit. Mr. Bompas, combining these facts, deduces the following theory, derived solely from the conditions of the earth's motion. The greatest number of meteors is encountered when the observer's meridian is in the direction of the earth's motion, which is at 6 A.M., and then decreases to 6 P.M., when he looks the opposite way. If the earth were at rest meteors (supposed equally distributed) would converge on it equally from all quarters. But the earth, in fact, being in motion with a velocity half that of the average velocity of the meteors, it encounters nearly two-thirds of the number on the side towards which it is moving. II. A considerable series of results has been investigated by M. A. Poey respecting the colours of luminous meteors, derived from extensive sets of observations collected by M. E. Biot from those made in China from the seventh century B.C. to the seventeenth century A.D.;—those collected in the Reports of the British Association; and those made at Paris by M. Coulvier-Gravier. Among these generalizations we may remark the following:—In the Chinese observations meteors of simple primitive colours are very rare; the great majority being of compound tints. In the European observations the reverse is the case. The Chinese observations show a remarkable constancy of tints during a long period of years; when an equally constant but different scale of colour prevails, and this for several successive periods. Cases of complementary colours in the body of the meteor, and the train or fragments, are often noticed. Changes of colour during the course of the meteor are observed, being most usually from white, near the zenith, to blue, near the horizon, but sometimes from white to red. This author observes, agrees with the law of M. Doppler, that a luminous body moving towards the observer will change its colour from white in succession to the violet end of the spectrum; moving from the observer to the red. This law, he states, is especially confirmed by the Paris observations. He remarks on the necessity for attending to personal differences in observers' estimate of colour. A remark fully confirmed by the great contradictions existing in the descriptions of the colour of many of the brightest meteors, at the same time and place, by different observers. He gives the results of the various observations cited, in tables exhibiting the number of meteors, of each tint for each month, and adds others of meteors arranged under several heads of physical peculiarities. III. One point of the highest interest and importance towards forming any sound theory of meteors is, the estimation of their actual size from their apparent diameters and calculated distance. In all the results usually given this calculation is made on acknowledged geometrical principles, assuming that the apparent disk is the real one, diminished only by the effect of distance. Prof. J. Lawrence Smith, of the United States, has adduced some very remarkable optical experiments to show the entire fallacy of any conclusion from the apparent diameter of a highly luminous or incandescent body seen at a distance. These experiments exhibit a

singular apparent enlargement of the visible disks of intensely luminous bodies of known size, when observed successively at distances of 100 yards, of a quarter of a mile, and half a mile; at which distances respectively, for example, the body of electric light of carbon points (actually 0·3 inch diameter) appeared one-half, three times, and three and a half times the diameter of the moon; and other incandescent bodies in a similar proportion depended on the degree of ignition. These results seem dependent on some optical or ocular cause of greater energy than we can ascribe readily to simple irradiation; but in a rough way they admit of some degree of verification by looking at a row of street-lamps seen nearly in a line from the eye, the apparent diameters of which do not decrease at all for a considerable distance; and even then by no means in proportion to the law of perspective. This subject appears to be one eminently deserving of more full and precise investigation, whether in a meteorological or an optical point of view. IV. Prof. Lawrence Smith's paper is, however, mainly devoted to other points of not less importance respecting the nature and theory of meteors, and especially of those which fall either wholly or in portions, producing meteoric stones. He gives a minute account of five specimens found in America, accompanied by chemical analyses, from which it appears that they all contain the mineral called Schreibersite, not known as a natural compound on the earth. He enters largely on theoretical views, and in the course of these speculations examines various hypotheses which have been put forth; and eventually endeavours to revive the theory of the origin of these bodies from the lunar volcanoes supposed at some remote period to have been in a state of activity. Without discussing such a question, which will perhaps be generally viewed with suspicion at the present day, and passing to the general subject of shooting stars, which the author is inclined to distinguish entirely from those masses which have fallen to the earth,—we may notice the apparently favourable mention he makes of the general admission of the cosmical nature of the former, and of that view of their nature which regards them as nebulous masses revolving in one system. It has been further supposed that such masses being in a high state of electric tension on approaching the earth, a discharge might take place by which their metallic elements might be reduced; dependent on the size of the nebulous mass, the force of the discharge, the consequent intensity of the fusion, and other conditions, larger or smaller metallic or earthy masses might be precipitated, and might fall entire or shattered into fragments. The author, however, considers these latter effects as incompatible with the conditions of observant meteorites. But probably, on the whole, all such speculations are as yet premature. We must obtain a larger amount of data and better classification of observations before we can hope to follow out such inferences successfully. V. In some of the earlier of this series of reports reference was made to the theory proposed by Sir J. Lubbock, of meteors shining by reflected light, and being simply darkened by entering the earth's shadow, and to some observations which coincided with it. It is much to be regretted that other observations of a kind capable of such application have not been more frequent. One remarkable instance observed by Capt. Jacob at Bombay was considered some years ago by Prof. C. P. Smyth, and a communication on the subject made by him to the Royal Society of Edinburgh (1849), of which a short notice in the *Proceedings* of that body is the only remaining record, the details having unfortunately not been preserved. The results, however, are stated to accord exactly with the theory. VI. Of the August meteors for the present year the only notice which has reached me has been an account published by Dr. T. Forster, of Brussels, in 'The Times.' He observed great numbers, some of them presenting unusual appearances, especially in regard to colour.

'On certain Electrical Phenomena in the United States,' by Prof. Loomis.—Atmospheric electricity is very abundant in the United States, and often

exhibits phenomena more remarkable than are witnessed in most of the countries of Europe, especially in England and Germany. These phenomena are not confined to any particular season of the year; but the exhibitions in summer appear under a different form from those of winter. In summer, free electricity exhibits itself chiefly in the form of lightning during thunderstorms; and these exhibitions are often among the most sublime and impressive phenomena witnessed in any part of the globe. The telegraph wires are exceedingly sensitive to the approach of a thunderstorm. The wires are often charged with electricity, from the effects of a storm so distant that no thunder is heard or lightning seen. I have often stood at such times in a telegraph office, and introduced my own body into the electric circuit, by taking hold of a telegraph wire with one hand and with the other hand grasping a wire which communicated with the earth. A frequent twinge is felt in the arms, and sometimes through the breast. The shock is pungent and painful, even when scarcely the slightest spark can be obtained by bringing the two wires nearly in contact. Such experiments are unsafe when the electric cloud is near. If, during the passage of a thunder shower, the telegraph apparatus is left in communication with the long telegraph wires, the fine wires of the electromagnets are almost sure to be melted, and the magnets thereby rendered useless. Sometimes, in telegraphic offices, there occurs an explosion, which melts large wires and is dangerous to human life. The effect of a feeble current of atmospheric electricity on the telegraph wires is the same as of a current from a galvanic battery. It makes a dot on the telegraph register; and, when a thunder-storm passes in the neighbourhood of a telegraph line, those dots are of constant occurrence; and, being interposed between the dots of the telegraph operators, they render the writing confused and often illegible. The operators are, therefore, commonly compelled to abandon their work when a thunder shower prevails in the vicinity of any part of the line. The aurora borealis is very common in the United States, even in summer; but, on account of the long-continued twilight, it is seldom witnessed with such brilliancy in summer as in winter. During winter, thunderstorms in the United States are of very rare occurrence; but even at this season they are not entirely unknown. Sometimes in mid-winter, after a series of unusually warm days, a strong wind suddenly springs up from the west, attended by a shower, during which several flashes of lightning, accompanied by thunder, are noticed. Such a shower is invariably followed by a great and sudden fall of the thermometer. But, while electrical discharges in the form of lightning are rarely witnessed in winter, other electrical phenomena of great interest are of almost daily occurrence. Those phenomena consist of free electricity residing upon almost all bodies resting on the earth, but sufficiently insulated. This free electricity is particularly noticeable on the clothes and hair of the human body. During the cold months of winter, the human hair is commonly electrical, and especially when it is brushed with a fine comb. Often at such times the fine hairs are seen to stand erect; and the more you comb to make them smooth, the more obstinately they refuse to keep their proper place. If you present your fingers to those electrified hairs, they fly to meet you, like a lock of dry hair attached to the prime conductor of an electric machine. In such cases, there is but one remedy; the hair must be thoroughly moistened; after which it lies quietly in its place. During the same season of the year, all woollen articles of clothing become highly charged with free electricity. The pantaloons in particular are found to attract light, floating particles of dust, down, &c., especially near the feet; and it is impossible to cleanse them by brushing. The longer you brush, the more your clothes are covered with dust and lint. Nothing less than a wet sponge is efficient to cleanse them. At night, when you take off your pantaloons, you hear a distinct crackling noise, and, in a dark room, perceive a succession of flashes. You draw

your fingers down over them, especially near the lower extremities, and you perceive a repetition of the crackling noise, accompanied by distinct flashes of light. As you take off your flannel drawers, the crackling is again heard, louder than before, and the flashes of light are more vivid. If you take a woollen blanket from your bed, hold it suspended in your left hand, and draw the fingers of your right hand over it, the crackling is equally loud and longer continued. Your fingers seem enveloped in a blaze of light, and the flashes can be several times renewed. Brute animals do not escape the general electrical influence. In a cold, frosty night, you draw your hand gently over a cat's back, and you hear a distinct crackling noise, while the cat shows unmistakeable signs of bad temper, and refuses her consent to play the philosopher with you. Persons riding on horseback during a snow-storm in the night have frequently noticed the extremities of their horse's ears tipped with light, like that of a pale, steady flame. The preceding phenomena are either unknown in summer or are only noticed occasionally, and in an inferior degree; but the aurora borealis is often witnessed in the United States during winter, and frequently attains a splendour such as is surpassed in but few portions of the globe. During the severity of winter, and especially in houses which are furnished with heavy carpets and kept thoroughly warmed, even more remarkable electrical phenomena are often witnessed. If you walk across such a carpet with a slight shuffling motion, and then present your knuckle to some metallic object, as the knob of a door, you perceive a decided spark and a faint snap. By walking rapidly two or three times back and forth the spark may be increased, and becomes, perhaps, a quarter of an inch or more in length, and has great intensity, accompanied by a smart snap. This phenomenon is not peculiar to any particular house or style of carpet, but in the cold months can be witnessed in almost every house in New York where there is a thick woollen carpet, and the room is kept habitually well heated and dry. In some houses these phenomena are so remarkable that persons who have never witnessed them have listened to the accounts with evident incredulity. A few winters ago I received from a female friend an account of some phenomena which she had witnessed at the house of Mrs. C., in New York, and which appeared so remarkable that I concluded the account must be greatly exaggerated. I was induced to call on Mrs. C., and request her to favour me with an exhibition of her electrical powers, to which request she readily acceded. We were sitting in a parlour covered with a heavy velvet carpet, and lighted with gas by a chandelier suspended from the ceiling. Mrs. C. rose from her chair, advanced one or two short steps, and gave a slight spring towards the chandelier, which was above her reach when her feet rested upon the floor. As her finger approached the metal I perceived a brilliant spark and heard a snap such as would have attracted the attention of a person casually walking through the hall, separated from the parlour by a closed door. The spark was more brilliant than that which is furnished by an ordinary electrophorus when most highly excited, but its length was not so great. A few steps upon the carpet were sufficient to renew the electric charge, and the spark was perceived whenever Mrs. C. touched a metallic object, like the knob of a door or the gilded frame of a mirror. The facts which had been before recited to me now no longer appeared incredible, and most of them I verified by my own observations. On approaching the speaking tube to give orders to the servants, Mrs. C. repeatedly received a very unpleasant shock in the mouth, and was very much annoyed by the electricity until she learned first to touch the tube with her finger. In passing from one parlour to the other, if she chanced to step upon the brass plate which served as a slide for the folding-doors, she received an unpleasant shock in the foot. A visitor upon entering the house, in attempting to shake hands with Mrs. C., received a shock which was quite noticeable and somewhat unpleasant. A lady on attempting to kiss her was saluted by a spark from her lips.

near the repetition of distinct or flammel under than vivid. If held, hold it the fingers is equally others seem ashes can do not In a cold, ly over a ing noise, ns of bad the philo-horseback frequently ears tipped me. The known in nally, and borealis is ng winter, as is sur- During the us which thoroughly phenomena cross such a and then project, as the spark and o or three increased, ch or more accompanied by but in the every house len carpet, heated and are so re- witnessed with evident from a enna which C., in New able that I exaggerated request her electrical cedeed. We a heavy chandelier se from her and gave a which was on the floor, perceived a would have ally walking arbour by a brilliant than any electro- its length the carpet erge, and the touched a door or the which had ever appeared by my own leaking tube. repeatedly mouth, and until she chanced served as a live in an un- upon entering ds with Mrs. noticeable in attempting from her lips.

Her little girl, on taking hold of the knob of a door, received so severe shock that she ran off in great fright. Larger children frequently amused themselves by shuffling about on the carpet and giving each other sparks from their fingers. The preceding is the most remarkable case I have myself witnessed; but I have heard of several other houses in New York which appeared about equally electrical; and most of these phenomena have become so familiar in New York that they have ceased to excite surprise. The electricity thus developed exhibits the usual phenomena of attraction and repulsion, and is capable of igniting combustible bodies. By skipping a few times across the room with a shuffling motion, and then presenting the knuckle to an open gas burner, the gas may be ignited. This experiment generally fails unless the burner be warm; but if after a jet has been some time burning you extinguish the flame, and then draw a spark with your knuckle from the warm burner, the gas is readily ignited. After a careful examination of several cases of this kind, I have come to the conclusion that the electricity is excited by the friction of the shoes of the inmates upon the carpets of the house. I have found by direct experiment, that electricity is developed by the friction of leather upon woollen cloth. For this purpose I stood upon an insulating stool, and spreading a small piece of carpeting upon a table before me, rubbed a piece of leather vigorously upon it; and then bringing the leather near the cap of a gold leaf electrometer, found that the leaves were repelled with great violence. The electricity of the leather was of the resinous kind. Electricity must, therefore, necessarily be excited whenever a person walks with a shuffling motion across a carpet; but it may be thought remarkable that the electricity should be intense enough to give a bright spark. In order to produce the highest effect there must be a combination of several favourable circumstances. The carpet, or at least its upper surface, must be entirely of wool and of a close texture. From my own observations I infer that heavy velvet carpets answer this purpose best. Two thicknesses of ingrain carpeting answer very well. A drugget spread upon an ingrain carpet yields a good supply of electricity. The effect of the increased thickness is obviously to improve the insulation of the carpet. The carpet must be quite dry, and also the floor of the room, so that the fluid may not be conveyed away as soon as it is excited. These conditions will not generally exist except in winter, and in rooms which are habitually kept quite warm. The most remarkable cases which I have heard of in New York have been in close, well-built houses, kept very warm by furnaces. These furnaces are erected in the cellar and are filled with anthracite coal, which is kept constantly burning from autumn till spring. The heated air is conveyed to the hall, the parlours, and to every room in the house, as far as is desired, through large flues built in the walls, the flues having a section of about one square foot. In such a house the wood during winter becomes very dry, and all the furniture shrinks and cracks. The electricity is most abundant in very cold weather. In warm weather only feeble signs of electricity are obtained. The rubber, viz., the shoe, must also be dry like the carpet, and it must be rubbed upon the carpet somewhat vigorously. By skipping once or twice across a room with a shuffling motion of the feet, a person becomes highly charged; and then upon bringing the knuckle near to any metallic body, particularly if it have good communication with the earth, a bright spark passes. In almost any room which is furnished with a thick woollen carpet, and is kept tolerably warm and dry, a spark may thus be obtained in winter; but in some rooms the insulation is so good, and the carpets are so electrical, that it is impossible to walk across the floor without exciting sufficient electricity to give a spark. It may be thought that in walking across a room there is but little friction between the shoe and carpet, but it should be remembered that the rubber is applied to the carpet with uncommon force, being aided by the entire weight of the body, so that a slight shuffling motion of the feet acts with great energy.

FRIDAY.

'Remarks on some Physical Observations made in India by the Brothers Schlagintweit,' communicated by H. Schlagintweit.—I request to be allowed to communicate a few remarks concerning some of the physical observations we made during our mission to India. I must confess that I make rather arbitrary choice from the materials before me, the objects which offered themselves for observation being so novel and numerous, that I should in vain attempt to give in a few words, and within so short a time after our return, a proper outline of the physical phenomena of India and of the Himalayas in general. In reference to the magnetic phenomena, we were particularly surprised to find that the Himalayas exercise a well-defined and a general influence on the magnetic laws, the declinations showing a slight but general deviation towards the central parts; and the magnetic force being generally greater than it was to be expected in that latitude. This was particularly evident in Thibet and at the northern foot of the Huenlueh in Turkestan. In Southern India, which was particularly the territory chiefly examined by our brother Adolphe, he found the increase of magnetic intensity from south to north very rapid. The lines of magnetic intensity have a form which will probably show many analogies with some groups of isothermal lines, especially with those for the temperature of the soil. This we anticipated already during our first journey through Southern India from Bombay to Madras, and consequently we directed our especial attention to the temperature of the ground. I am happy to be able to add, that we were fortunate enough to have the constant use of our geo-thermometers, some of which had a total length of nine feet, the bulb reaching two metres below the surface. Local irregularities of magnetism are, comparatively speaking, more rare and more limited than has generally been expected. Only in the Khrisia hills the declination was about 4° more to the west than might have been supposed. When the instruments were carefully placed on alluvial deposits, even of a comparatively small depth, instead of being part of the rocks themselves, the magnetic action of the soil was always found a very small one. In Western and Central India, particularly in the Deccan, and again in the crystalline rocks of Behar, the stones themselves were found magnetic with polarity, the poles coinciding generally with great regularity, and with angles formed by the intersection of different cleavages. Our geological collections containing also, besides the specimens of rocks, pieces showing the cleavage plains, which were washed on the spot; in reference to their natural position, it will enable us to ascertain later, with still more precision, the connexion between polarity and cleavage by subsequent experiments. In reference to Meteorology, I may mention chiefly the following. Besides meteorological researches of our own, we were furnished, particularly in reference to temperature, with a rich material of observation, made chiefly by the Medical Department of the India Service, which will enable us, combined with those used by ourselves, to construct a very detailed map of isothermal lines of India. For the mountainous parts of India Proper, as well as for the Himalayas, we propose to give the isothermal lines in connexion with the well-known topographical contour lines, which, as we think we have successfully tried, already show much better than representations in the form of profile the characteristic forms of isothermal lines in a country covered by mountains. But I am afraid to enter here into too many details by even alluding to objects of so great a generality, and I therefore prefer to limit myself to some special and isolated facts of a character rather unexpected to us, or new. The barometric daily variation in the Himalayas, even up to heights of 18,000 and 20,000 feet, was found to show, when the curve was sufficiently defined, the maximum and minimum of the day at hours nearly corresponding to those on the plain, but the differences between the extremes gradually decreased. The barometric variation in the Himalayas has, therefore, in heights of 18,000

feet, not yet the inverted form, which was found formerly by theory to take place in the free atmosphere in Europe at about 9000 to 10,000 feet, and which actually was observed on all high altitudes of the Alps. This seems very well to coincide with the fact, that the mass elevated in the Himalayas to 18,000 feet, at least in the parts where the greatest general elevations are found, is still comparatively greater,—that in the Alps at 10,000 to 11,000 feet. In reference to electricity, detailed observations were particularly made in the eastern Himalayas. I there once had also a very remarkable occasion to observe the uniformity in the apparent size of a stroke of lightning which fell from a cloud about 1500 feet above me, and reached a tree at a very small distance from my tent. The way of the spark appeared as, usually, an uninterrupted line, but did not increase in apparent size when approaching, which allows for the spark itself only an infinitely small size, which is not appreciably affected by its distance from the eye, and makes defined the visibility of lightning not from its real size, but chiefly from the intensity of its light. The transparency of the atmosphere was measured up to 16,000 feet with the diaphrometer we formerly used in the Alps, consisting of two black circles, on white ground, of unequal diameters. In heights above 17,000 feet the two circles disappeared at the same angle, showing that there the diminution of transparency produced by a stratum of air of about 3000 feet is no longer appreciable to our eye. During the dust-storms in Upper India, I regularly observed a very unexpected coloration of the sun, the disk assuming occasionally a decidedly blue colour (as if seen through a blue-coloured glass), and the shadow of a thin object on white paper becoming orange. This blue colour of the sun was invariably perceptible when the sun had declined so far that it could be seen through a sufficiently dense stratum of suspended matter. I may add here, though perhaps rather out of place, that we also made some observations on the transparency of the water, similar to those made on the transparency of the air. A white stone, covered during some experiments with different colours, was allowed to disappear, under necessary precautions, whilst gradually lowered in the water, and then the distance from the surface measured. The greatest transparency in the water corresponded to a depth of 53 feet in the Mediterranean near Corfu. In the tropical seas we invariably found it to disappear beyond a depth of 30 feet. In the rivers of India, suspended matter belonged to such an extent, as in the Ganges, the Brahmapootra, and the Indus, that there it generally disappeared at five to six feet below the surface. Water containing the suspended matter, collected in many cases, will allow us later to establish more accurately the relative connexion between the transparency and the form and quality of suspended matter.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Feb. 27th.—H.R.H. Prince Albert, K.G., D.C.L., F.R.S., Vice-Patron, in the chair. Professor Faraday, D.C.L., F.R.S., 'On the Conservation of Force'—continued. The usual definition of gravity as an attractive force between the particles of matter varying inversely as the square of the distance, whilst it stands as a full definition of the power, is inconsistent with the principle of the conservation of force. If we accept the principle, such a definition must be an imperfect account of the whole of the force, and is probably only a description of one exercise of that power, whatever the nature of the force itself may be. If the definition be accepted as tacitly including the conservation of force, then it ought to admit, that consequences must occur during the suspended or diminished degree of its power as gravitation, equal in importance to the power suspended or hidden; being in fact equivalent to that diminution. It ought also to admit, that it is incompetent to suggest or deal with any of the consequences of that changed part or condition of the force, and cannot tell whether they depend on, or are related to, conditions external or internal to the gravitating par-

ticle; and, as it appears to me, can say neither 'yes' nor 'no' to any of the arguments or probabilities belonging to the subject. If the definition *denies* the occurrence of such contingent results, it seems to me to be unphilosophical; if it simply *ignores* them, I think it is imperfect and insufficient; if it *admits* these things, or any part of them, then it prepares the natural philosopher to look for effects and conditions as yet unknown, and is open to any degree of development of the consequences and relations of power: by denying, it opposes a dogmatical barrier to improvement; by ignoring, it becomes in many respects an inert thing, often much in the way; by admitting, it rises to the dignity of a stimulus to investigation, a pilot to human science. The principle of the conservation of force would lead us to assume, that when A and B attract each other less because of increasing distance, then some other exertion of power, either within or without them, is proportionately growing up; and again, that when their distance is diminished, as from 10 to 1, the power of attraction, now increased a hundred-fold, has been produced out of some other form of power which has been equivalently reduced. This enlarged assumption of the nature of gravity is not more metaphysical than the half assumption; and is, I believe, more philosophical, and more in accordance with all physical considerations. The half assumption is, in my view of the matter, more dogmatic and irrational than the whole, because it leaves it to be understood, that power can be created and destroyed almost at pleasure. When the equivalents of the various forms of force, as far as they are known, are considered, their differences appear very great; thus, a grain of water is known to have electric relations equivalent to a very powerful flash of lightning. It may therefore be supposed that a very large apparent amount of the force causing the phenomena of gravitation, may be the equivalent of a very small change in some unknown condition of the bodies, whose attraction is varying by change of distance. For my own part, many considerations urge my mind toward the idea of a cause of gravity, which is not resident in the particles of matter merely, but constantly in them, and all space. I have already put forth considerations regarding gravity which partake of this idea, and it seems to have been unhesitatingly accepted by Newton. There is one wonderful condition of matter, perhaps its only true indication, namely *inertia*; but in relation to the ordinary definition of gravity, it only adds to the difficulty. For if we consider two particles of matter at a certain distance apart, attracting each other under the power of gravity and free to approach, they will approach; and when at only half the distance each will have had stored up in it, because of its *inertia*, a certain amount of mechanical force. This must be due to the force exerted, and, if the conservation principle be true, must have consumed an equivalent proportion of the cause of attraction; and yet, according to the definition of gravity, the attractive force is not diminished thereby, but increased four-fold, the force growing up within itself the more rapidly the more it is occupied in producing other force. On the other hand, if mechanical force from without be used to separate the particles to twice their distance, this force is not stored up in momentum or by inertia, but disappears; and three-fourths of the attractive force at the first distance disappears with it. How can this be? We know not the physical condition or action from which *inertia* results; but inertia is always a pure case of the conservation of force. It has a strict relation to gravity, as appears by the proportionate amount of force which gravity can communicate to the inert body; but it appears to have the same strict relation to other forces acting at a distance as those of magnetism or electricity, when they are so applied by the tangential balance as to act independent of the gravitating force. It has the like strict relation to force communicated by impact, pull, or in any other way. It enables a body to take up and conserve a given amount of force until that force is transferred to other bodies, or changed into an equivalent of some other form; that is all that we

perceive in it: and we cannot find a more striking instance amongst natural, or possible phenomena of the necessity of the conservation of force as a law of nature; or one more in contrast with the assumed variable condition of the gravitating force supposed to reside in the particles of matter. Even gravity itself furnishes the strictest proof of the conservation of force in this, that its power is unchanged for the same distance; and is by that in striking contrast with the variation which we assume in regard to the *cause of gravity*, to account for the *results* at different distances. It will not be imagined for a moment that I am opposed to what may be called the *law of gravitating action*, that is, the law by which all the known effects of gravity are governed; what I am considering, is the definition of the *force of gravitation*. That the result of one exercise of a power may be inversely as the square of the distance, I believe and admit; and I know that it is so in the case of gravity, and has been verified to an extent that could hardly have been within the conception even of Newton himself when he gave utterance to the law: but that the *totality* of a force can be employed according to that law I do not believe, either in relation to gravitation, or electricity, or magnetism, or any other supposed form of power. I might have drawn reasons for urging a continual recollection of, and reference to, the principle of the conservation of force from other forms of power than that of gravitation; but I think that when founded on gravitating phenomena, they appear in their greatest simplicity; and precisely for this reason, that gravitation has not yet been connected by any degree of convertibility with the other forms of force. If I refer for a few minutes to these other forms, it is only to point in their variations, to the proofs of the value of the principle laid down, the consistency of the known phenomena with it, and the suggestions of research and discovery which arise from it. Heat, for instance, is a mighty form of power, and its effects have been greatly developed; therefore, assumptions regarding its nature become useful and necessary, and philosophers try to define it. The most probable assumption is, that it is a motion of the particles of matter; but a view, at one time very popular, is, that it consists of a particular fluid of heat. Whether it be viewed in one way or the other, the principle of conservation is admitted, I believe, with all its force. When transferred from one portion to another portion of like matter the full amount of heat appears. When transferred to matter of another kind an apparent excess or deficiency often results; the word 'capacity' is then introduced, which, whilst it acknowledges the principle of conservation, leaves space for research. When employed in changing the state of bodies, the appearance and disappearance of the heat is provided for consistently by the assumption of enlarged or diminished motion, or else space is left by the term 'capacity' for the partial views which remain to be developed. When converted into mechanical force, in the steam or air-engine, and so brought into direct contact with gravity, being then easily placed in relation to it, still the conservation of force is fully respected and wonderfully sustained. The constant amount of heat developed in the whole of a voltaic current described by M. P. A. Favre, and the present state of the knowledge of thermo-electricity, are again fine partial or subordinate illustrations of the principle of conservation. Even when rendered radiant, and for the time giving no trace or signs of ordinary heat action, the assumptions regarding its nature have provided for the belief in the conservation of force, by admitting, either that it throws the ether into an equivalent state, in sustaining which for the time the power is engaged; or else, that the motion of the particles of heat is employed altogether in their own transit from place to place. It is true that heat often becomes evident or insensible in a manner unknown to us; and we have a right to ask what is happening when the heat disappears in one part, as of the thermo-voltaic current, and appears in another; or when it enlarges or changes the state of bodies; or what would happen, if the heat being presented, such changes were purposely opposed. We have a right to ask these questions, but not to ignore or deny the conservation of force; and one of the highest uses of the principle is to suggest such inquiries. Explications of similar points are continually produced, and will be most abundant from the hands of those who, not desiring to ease their labour by forgetting the principle, are ready to admit it either tacitly, or better still, effectively, being then continually guided by it. Such philosophers believe that heat must do its equivalent of work: that if in doing work it seem to disappear, it is still producing its equivalent effect, though often in a manner partially or totally unknown; and that if it give rise to another form of force (as we imperfectly express it), that force is equivalent in power to the heat which has disappeared. What is called 'chemical attraction,' affords equally instructive and suggestive considerations in relation to the principle of the conservation of force. The indestructibility of individual matter is one case, and a most important one, of the conservation of chemical force. A molecule has been endowed with powers which give rise in it to various qualities, and these never change, either in their nature or amount. A particle of oxygen is ever a particle of oxygen—nothing can in the least wear it. If it enters into combination and disappears as oxygen—if it pass through a thousand combinations, animal, vegetable, mineral—if it hide for a thousand years and then be evolved, it is oxygen with its first qualities, neither more nor less. It has all its original force, and only that; the amount of force which it disengaged when hiding itself, has again to be employed in a reverse direction when it is set at liberty; and if, hereafter, we should decompose oxygen, and find it compounded of other particles, we should only increase the strength of the proof of the conservation of force, for we should have a right to say of these particles, long as they have been hidden, all that we could say of the oxygen itself. Again, the body of facts included in the theory of definite proportions, witnesses to the truth of the conservation of force; and though we know little of the cause of the change of properties of the acting and produced bodies, or how the forces of the former are hid amongst those of the latter, we do not for an instant doubt the conservation, but are moved to look for the manner in which the forces are, for the time, disposed, or if they have taken up another form of force, to search what that form may be. Even chemical action at a distance, which is in such antithetical contrast with the ordinary exertion of chemical affinity, since it can produce effects miles away from the particles on which they depend, and which are effectual only by forces acting at insensible distances, still proves the same thing, the conservation of force. Preparations can be made for a chemical action in the simple voltaic circuit, but until the circuit be complete that action does not occur; yet in completing we can so arrange the circuit, that a distant chemical action, the perfect equivalent of the dominant chemical action, shall be produced; and this result, whilst it establishes the electro-chemical equivalent of power, establishes the principle of the conservation of force also, and at the same time suggests many collateral inquiries which have yet to be made and answered, before all that concerns the conservation in this case can be understood. This and other instances of chemical action at a distance, carry our inquiring thoughts on from the facts to the physical mode of the exertion of force; for the qualities which seemed located and fixed to certain particles of matter appear at a distance in connexion with particles altogether different. They also lead our thoughts to the conversion of one form of power into another; as for instance, in the heat which the elements of a voltaic pile may either show at the place where they act by their combustion or combination together; or in the distance, where the electric spark may be rendered manifest; or in the wire or fluids of the different parts of the circuit.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—R.D.; F.S.A.; A. Soyer; T.—received.

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